THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PATRIOTIC PARADERS.

One of the Most Successful St. Patrick's Day Celebrations Ever Held in This City.

Nearly Every Civic and Military Organization Joins in the Procession to Honor Ireland's Patron Saint.

Enthusiastic Admirers.

The parade in honor of St. Patrick's natal day was one of the largest and most successful ever given in this city. The weather was as favorable as could be wished for. The morning was somewhat marred by flurries of snow, but the afternoon was almost perfect, and the sun shone down brilliantly upon the large procession of civic and military organizations that wended its way over the long line of march, showing off to good advantage the neat uniforms of Capt. Buckley's Clan-na-Gael Guards, the Hibernian Rifles, Knights of St. Patrick, Robert Emmet Guards, and other military organizations. Col. James H. Lynch acted as grand marshal and Thomas L. Hartigan as adjutant-general. M. J. Kelly was chief of the second division, Lawrence Heuriy chief of the third division, and John J. Mahoney chief of the fourth division. The aides were as follows: John W. McCarthy, Maj. Thomas F. O'Malley, Michael McCarthy, Ald. William J. O'Brien, W. H. Joyce, Dominick Nicholson, B. B. Flannigan, James J. McCarthy, Capt. Dennis McCarthy, M. J. Ryan, Ald. John Powers, John F. O'Connor, P. V. Fitzpatrick, J. W. Donnelly, John Nugent, Dr. J. J. Leahy, Lieut. John Byrne, Ald. M. P. Burke, John Dowling, Lieut-Col. F. T. Colby, M. J. Keane, William Gavin, J. E. Long, Hon. Joseph P. Mahoney, Patrick J. Mangan, Martin Mulcahy, Hon. Mich'l McInerney, Roger C. Sullivan, J. J O'Connell, John F. Beggs, Michael Bracken, John Murphy, A. F. Hede, Maj James F. Lusk, James Bradley, Jeremiah Carmody, Capt. J. S. Hyland, V. Pierce, William Burns, C. F. O'Brien, P. Cummings, Rev. Father McLaughlin, Dr. David O'Shea, Patrick Dolan, James E. O'Brien, James Coughlin, M. E. Lynch, Michael Blake, Rev. M. Sullivan, Capt. Thomas Murphy, Capt. T. O'Neil Jones, Thomas Finnegan, Wm. J. Doherty, Moses O. Connor, Michael O'Neil, Rev. Father Scanlan, Hon. Joseph A. O'Donnell, Charles Corkery, Capt. J. P. Cone, Frank Nicholas, D. F. Cannon, John G. O'Donnell, Walter Powers, James A. O'Connell, and Hugh Kelly.

The parade formed in four divisions as follows:

FIRST DIVISION.
Platoon of police,
Grand Marshal and aides,
Officers of Irish American Council in carriages,
Hibernian Rifles,
Clan-na-Gael Guards,
Robert Emmet Guards,
Holy Name Cadet Battalion,
Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew,
Knights of St. Patrick,
Gaelic Athletic Association,
Emmet Junior Club

SECOND DIVISION.
Hibernian Benevolent Association,
Father Mathew's Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society,
St. Pius' Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society,
Men's Sodality of St. Pius,
St. Aloysius Sodality,
St. John's Mutual and Benevolent Association,
Catholic Order of Foresters.

THIRD DIVISION.
Ancient Order o Hibernians,
Divisions No. 1 to No. 37 inclusive.

FOURTH DIVISION.
Citizens of the different parishes on foot in alphabetical order of parishes and Viking Social Club in carriages. Citizens and ladies in carriages.

The place of rendezvous was at Hay market square, and the line of march as follows: East on Randolph street to Desplaines street, south on Desplaines street to Adams street, west on Adams street to Halsted street, south on Halsted street to Jackson boulevard, west on Jackson boulevard to Loomis street, south on Loomis street to Taylor street, east on Taylor street to Blue Island avenue, northeast on Blue Island avenue to Halsted street, north on Halsted street to Van Buren street, east on Van Buren street to Canal street, north on Canal street to Jackson street, east on Jackson street to Michigan avenue, south on Michigan avenue to Twelfth street, counter march north on Michigan avenue to Washington street, west on Washington street to Clark street, north on Clark street to Indiana street, east on Indiana street to Dearborn avenue, north on Dearborn avenue to Superior street, east on Superior street to Rush street, south on Rush street to Michigan avenue, south on Michigan avenue to Randolph street, where the parade will pass in review of the Grand Marshal and his aides, and will dismiss.

The entire line of march was thronged with admiring onlookers, and great enthusiasm was manifested as the different organizations, especially the military companies, passed along the route.

The parade was reviewed by his Grace, Archbishop Feehan, the clergy, the Mayor, and members of the city council from the rectory of St. Patrick's church, No. 125 West Adams street.

Havlin's Theatre.

Mr. Havlin announces the production of that very attractive play, "The Fire Patrol," at his pretty theater—the home theatre of the South Side—during the week of March 20, beginning with the matinee on Sunday. The company engaged in the presentation is one of exceptional merit—every member being particularly adapted to his or her part. The scenery is new and picturesque.

DEATH OF A PATRIOTIC PRIEST.

On Friday, Jan. 30, the mortal remains of the venerated and patriotic pastor of Bagnalstown were laid to rest in St. Andrew's church, and the grave closed over as faithful a priest and as true a patriot as Ireland ever produced. Father Bernard O'Neill's loss will be sorely felt by Ireland for many a year, and when she again faces the foe she will have one sword less in the field and one powerful advocate less in the council hall. The mighty Reaper, Death, has been busily engaged mowing down a harvest of gallant Irishmen. First it was our beloved and undaunted leader fell before his merciless scythe; then it was P. W. Nally, tortured to death in his gloomy prison cell; then it was honest Dick Power, and now it is the fearless-hearted *Soggarth Aroon*, who has crossed death's dark valley. He was a patriot staunch and true; a wise and fearless politician, ever ready to do his duty to his country and stand beside her in that hour of misfortune when cowards fall back and brave men face the shock of battle. He was never known to fly from his colors. His whole life was devoted to piety and patriotism. He dearly adored his God, and loved his country with a pure and holy love. He was a true type of the fearless *Soggarth Aroon*—pious in his devotion to his Maker, and steadfast in his love of freedom. Like Father Murphy, of Wexford:

"He knelt not with whining petition
At the foreigner's footstool to sue,
But he bravely unrolled the green banner,
As a priest of the people should do."

He was always ready to do battle for Ireland, and, if freedom required the sacrifice, ready to die in her defense, as became a descendant of that warrior race whose swords flashed bright in the red van of battle, and whose "Lamh Derg Aboo" struck terror to the heart of the Saxon at Benburb and the Yellow Ford. The lamented patriot priest was born in Doonane, Queen's county. His parents were of the respectable farming class. Father O'Neill's parents moved to the county Carlow when he was quite young, where his father died in 1843, the family emigrated in 1850. The deceased priest was a sage politician, and his valuable assistance was mainly instrumental in wresting Carlow from the Conservative party. He was also a stern supporter of the principles of the dead chief, and during the Carlow election he was one of Mr. Kettle's nominators. But in doing so he disobeyed the mandate of the bishop. But Father O'Neill was not the man to desert the cause of independence for that of Whiggery. He was not willing to trust Gladstone and forsake Parnell, even though a bishop desired it. He knew the leader was faithful to the cause for which he had sacrified the best years of his manhood; and had he not as good a right to nominate Kettle as the Most Rev. Dr. Lynch had to nominate Hammond? The brave-hearted priest remembered the advice given by the gallant bishop of Ross to the clansmen who were fighting for Faith and Fatherland against the ruthless invader, Cromwell:

"Beware of the cockatrice. Trust not the wiles
Of the serpent, for perfidy lurks in its folds;
Beware of Lord Broghill the day that he smiles;
His mercy is murder, his word never holds."

And Father O'Neill was deprived of most of the honors conferred on him by the late bishop of the diocese, his life long friend. It was an act unworthy of the bishop whose resentment required such a sacrifice to appease it. But the patriotic pastor of Bagnalstown is now laid at rest. His last fight has been fought with the Angel of Death, and the heart ever true to its country lies pulseless and cold. But may his noble life serve as a beacon to guide us to freedom; and as he loved Ireland and wished to see her people free, so may God love him. May the soul of the patriot priest find refuge with Him who has said: "I am the resurrection and the light!"—*Carlow Vindicator.*

Union Catholic Library Association.

On Thursday evening, the 24th inst., Rev. John P. Aylward will lecture before the Union Catholic Library Association. Miss Sallie Gaynor will read an original essay on "Washington," and the following well known talent will also contribute selections to the programme: Piano solo, Miss Veronica Murphy; recitation, "The Ride of Jennie McNeal," Miss Anna C. Manning; alto solo, "Light in the Window," Miss Mary Street; cornet solo, Mr. Charles A. Kummit; vocal duet, "Guarda che la Bianca," Miss Lizzie English and Mr. James S. Murphy.

Safety in the Midst of Danger.

This would seem a contradiction—is so, in fact, to the eye. But experience has proved its possility. Take the case of the individual who dwells in a malarious region. A robust constitution is no certain defense against the dreaded chills. What is? Recorded testimony, covering a period little short of half a century, proves that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is precisely this. This continent does not limit the field where the medicine has proved its efficacy. In South America, the Isthmus of Panama, Mexico, everywhere in fact where miasma-born disease takes on its most obstinate and formidable types, the Bitters is a recognized specific in illimitable demand, and prescribed by physicians of repute. Potent, too, is it in disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, and against that destroyer, la grippe. It improves appetite and sleep, neutralizes rheumatism and kidney complaints.

P. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

ECHOES OF EMMET.

The 114th Anniversary of the Birth of Ireland's Young Martyr Here.

Universally Observed in All the Leading Cities and Towns of the United States.

In Nashville.

Robert Emmet's birth was fittingly celebrated by the Emmet Club of Nashville, Tenn. Mr. T. W. Wrenne responded to the toast "Irish-Americans." He said that under that subject he would include all American citizens born in this country of Irish parentage and all citizens born in Ireland who subsequently adopted American colonies or States as their homes. The history of our country, the greatest of republics, the greatest nation of the world, could not be written without relating the deeds of valor, heroism and statesmanship of Irish-Americans. The lustre of its pages, the deeds which established it a pyramid of commonwealths, having for its foundation the principles of personal and religious liberty; for its apex the blazing torch of enlightened progress in the science of government, war, literature and art would not shine so brilliantly nor be fixed so indelibly and favorably upon the tablet of time, if their handiwork remained undone. To attempt to portray these splendid characters in American history as their work entitles them, would be to write a book for each name.

In Philadelphia.

Over three thousand patriotic Irish men and women assembled at the Academy of Music, in Philadelphia, to honor the name of Robert Emmet, whose 114th anniversary was being celebrated by the Clan-na-Gael Society of that city. The bright star of the evening was Michael J. Ryan, whose eloquence has many times thrilled the hearts of Irishmen. Mr. Ryan delivered a masterly oration and held the vast assemblage as by a spell for three-quarters of an hour, extolling the virtues of Irish patriots and the justice of the Irish cause. In the course of his eloquent address Mr. Ryan said:

"There is no instance in the world's history, saving only the faith of the Jews, that presents the constancy and devotion to freedom and nationality paralleling the history of the Irish people. Long before the Hohenzollerns were dukes of Brandenburg, centuries before Martin Luther was born, two hundred years before the Turks had entered Constantinople, centuries before the printing press was known, or America was discovered by Columbus, Irishmen were battling against England for Ireland's liberties. And during the oppressive years that have elapsed since the soil of Ireland first shrunk from the iron foot of Strongbow until today—more than seven hundred years—we say it proudly, and we say it defiantly, that no generation of our race has gone down into its grave without offering bloody protests to the continuance of English domination in Ireland. And tonight the waves that lap the white cliffs of the Irish shore bear on every billow the pulse-beats and heart-throbs of the exiled Irish race, and carry the messages that speed to her from Australia, and India, and America, and tell her of their undying love; and that though the Gael may be sea-divided, like their sires, her cause is their cause, and that now, as ever, they are one with her in the struggle for justice and self-government. England's rule in Ireland is a hideous record of outrageous wrong. From out of her armory of hate she has drawn every weapon that her malignant ingenuity could devise. Famine and exile, rapine and massacre, the convict ship, the dungeon, the scaffold, all have been invoked to crush the spirit of the Irish people and stamp out their yearning for nationality. But the words of Husseyburgh, in the Irish house of commons, that England in Ireland "had sown her laws like dragons' teeth to spring up as armed men" read not only a history, but prophecy. Her penal laws and her laws crushing Irish manufactures sent thousands of Irish exiles across the ocean to the new colonies, and these men it mainly was who, carrying with them the sacred fire of liberty, fanned it in America into a consuming blaze and forged this great Republic."

In New York.

The 114th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet was celebrated by the Clan-na-Gael of New York on Thursday evening, the 31 inst in the lecture-hall of Cooper Union. The great hall was filled to overflowing. Dr. John P. Brophy, president of St. Louis College, presided. Boyne's Sixty-ninth Regiment Band played Irish airs, and Mrs. Jennie Campbell Keough, Mrs. Toal, and Mr. Joseph Lonce sang patriotic songs that aroused the audience. The orator of the evening was Congressman Johnothan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, who was received with enthusiastic applause. In the course of his address the speaker said: "In all her misfortunes—even in her frenzy of insurrection—Ireland has attracted the unfailing friendship of the United States. We have received her exiled leaders with demonstrations of honor, and given hospitable shelter to her expatriated children. We have shared with her, in her years of famine, the store of our abundance; and in the years of her persecution we have gladdened her prisons with the light of our sympathy. We offer no excuse for our attachment for a people who began their contest against national grievances by hanging up in the banquet hall at Donegal Arms a portrait of Franklin, with the motto, "Where Liberty lives there is my Country," and ended the feast with this toast to the new Republic beyond the seas—"Lasting freedom and prosperity to the United States of America."

Another Emmet celebration was held in Cooper Union on Friday evening, the 4th inst., by the Nationalists, about half of the great audience being ladies, who were equally as enthusiastic as the gentlemen.

On the platform were Mayor Gleason, of Long Island City, Judge John H. McCarthy, Judge Fitzsimmons, and a number of other prominent citizens.

The Hon. Charles A. Dana, who had been selected by the Irish Nationalists to preside, opened the ceremonies with an address. He said it afforded him intense gratification to preside at the celebration, for Robert Emmet's work had not been exceeded by that of any illustrious patriot in history. "What Emmet aspired to do a hundred years ago," said the speaker, "we may expect to see accomplished in the near future."

Amid cheers and prolonged applause a set of resolutions were unanimously passed, among which were the following:

Resolved, That we again proclaim that the connection between Great Britain and Ireland is the curse of Ireland, and we shall use every means within our reach to sever that connection. The principles of the martyr patriot, Robert Emmet, are our principles, and we shall continue to labor earnestly for the day when England's blood stained flag shall be hauled down at Dublin Castle and Emmet's epitaph be written.

Resolved, That the present leaders in Ireland must either cease warring or resign, making way for other men to achieve Ireland's independence.

Resolved, That the continued imprisonment of patriotic Irishmen in English dungeons for alleged offenses and plots prepared by English officials is an outrage on humanity, and calls for the attention of the nations of the world.

Resolved, That the majority of these prisoners being American citizens, they are entitled to the protection of this country, and we hereby call upon our government to take steps towards securing their release.

Those who took part in the entertainment were Prof. Frank L Sparks, Mme. Crawford, Miss Agnes L Schilling, Miss Lizzie L. Clark, Miss M. Hendsey, Dr. A. J. Curran, Miss Nolan, Miss Charlotte Cohan, Miss McDonough, Mr. F. S. Campbell, Miss Katherine Hanbury, Mr. F. K. McCann, Miss Margaret Gallagher and Mr. Barry Fitzpatrick.

Hon. O'Neill Ryan, of St. Louis, made a stirring speech. He said: "Statesmen may draft constitutions and argue, but gold can alone strike the blow. Justice can only be had from England at the point of the sword. The capital political crime of the nineteenth century is England's government of Ireland. This is a night not for constitutionalists, but for revolutionists. Fenianism is alive and always will live. We must give our support to a united Ireland, not to any faction or section."

In St. Louis.

The Irish Nationalists of St. Louis celebrated Emmet's Day at the Exposition Entertainment hall. The speaker of the evening was the Hon. Ambrose McGuirk, of Davenport, Iowa. Among those who took part in the entertainment were Prof. Geeks, Dr. Hugh Harkins, Miss Neoma O'Brien, Rev. Brother Eizear, vice-president of the Christian Brothers' College, James J. Roban, Miss Adelaide Kalkman, Miss Addie O'Connell, Miss Dorothy Quinlan, Miss Etta O'Connell, William Porteus, Miss Mamie Dunne, Mr. Patrick F. Cook.

IN MY DEAR NATIVE VALE.

Translated from the Irish of "Craoibhin Aoibhin" by Michael Cavanagh.

From place to place how free my step,
How great my joy in limpid tide,
On mountain brow how high my leap.
How light my heart—my breast inside!
My foot was like the foot of hare—
Steel-strung the heights to scale.
Oh! I was happy "here or there"—
In my dear native vale.

I cared not then for living man,
The world at large gave me no care;
Like deer—or mountain-stream I ran,—
Respiring dawn's health giving air:
When called on—I'd all dangers brave—
Howe'er blew Fortune's gale;
My life-boat danced on crested wave,
In my dear native vale.

The hues that met my gaze entranced,
Were sun-tinged—bright as golden ore;
I, o'er my shoulder never glanced,
But, hopeful still, looked on before.
My sweetheart ne'er left me behind
Our love chase to bewail;
To clasp her I'd outstrip the wind,
In my dear native vale.

Alas! 'tis not so with me now,
For, sprightly once, I have grown slow;
My grief! that age strong hearts can bow,
And chill youth's fiery spirit's glow!
Much joy I've lost—much knowledge found,
But what doth that avail?
'Twill not restore youth's agile bound—
In my dear native vale.

Each season has its own peculiar malady; but with the blood maintained in a state of uniform vigor and purity by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla little danger need be feared from meteorological influences. No other blood medicine is so safe and effective.

THE SUICIDE BANKER.

Remarkable Career of That Marvel Among Swindlers and Traitors, John Sadleir, Bill Keogh's Notorious Partner in Crime.

What Came of It All at Last—One of the Most Sickening Tragedies in History.

BY A. M SULLIVAN.

[*Continued from Last Week.*]

In March a sinister rumor crept around that Mr. Sadleir, so far from being a millionaire, was at the moment in financial difficulty. The story, however, was scoffed at, and received what seemed ample refutation in new proofs displayed of his vast financial resources. In June people began to inquire in a cynical way, Where was Mr. Edmond O'Flaherty? Mr. O'Flaherty was the Brigadier who had been made Commissioner of Income Tax; a peculiarly intimate friend, confidant, and political manager of Messrs. Sadleir and Keogh; another of those "good Catholics" whom it was so beneficial to Ireland to have placed in high office. Where was he, indeed? The authorities at Scotland Yard grew anxious on the point, when it was discovered one morning that the "Commissioner of Income Tax" had fled to parts unknown, leaving bills in circulation, some of them with forged signatures, amounting in the aggregate to about fifteen thousand pounds.

Men stared in wonder, and asked, "Who next?" Mr. O'Flaherty's relations with other of the Brigade politicians suggested painful uncertainty as to further disclosures. He was a special protege of the Duke of Newcastle, with whom he was on visiting terms. There is little doubt that he was the negotiator of the recent political transaction between his friends and the Aberdeen government. And now he was a fugitive from justice!

Parliament opened on Jan. 23, 1855. Mr. Roebuck at once gave notice that he would move for a committee to inquire into the condition of the army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of the government departmen's responsible. On hearing this notice read, Lord John Russell withdrew from the ministry, and "upset the coach again." Six days subsequently, Jan. 29, the coalition administration was defeated on Mr. Roebuck's motion by the large majority of 157, in a house of 453. On Feb. 1 Lord Aberdeen resigned. Between the 21 and 5th Lord John Russell and Lord Derby had each in turn tried and failed to form a cabinet. On the 6th Lord Palmerston became premier, with a reconstruction of the late administration. Mr. Keogh had been Irish solicitor-general; Mr. Brewster being attorney general. Of course it was concluded that their resignation of office would follow upon that of the government. Mr. Brewster did so resign, under the belief that his junior colleague was doing same; but he found that his act had merely made a vacancy for Mr. Keogh, who quietly held on and stepped into the attorney-generalship. There was a story current in the Four Courts at the time that Mr. Keogh had cleverly "sold" Mr. Brewster in the proceeding—had deliberately misled and outwitted him; but I never believed it, as the latter gentleman would, in any event, have acted on the strict lines of usage, and resigned with his chief.

On Aug. 4, 1855, Mr. Gavan Duffy announced, by a farewell address in the *Nation*, that he was about to throw up his seat in parliament and leave Ireland forever! The news chilled the country like a signal of despair. Mr. Duffy's first idea, I believe, was that the whole staff of the *Nation* should accompany him, and that they should re-establish that journal under happier auspices in the Southern hemisphere. But this project was abandoned. He found a few hearts who would hope and strive on at home, dismal as was the outlook then, in the belief that some day Ireland would come to life and would arise once more. Mr. John Cashel Hoey, a life time colleague and friend, who had served him with ability and fidelity, and whose brilliant gifts and dauntless courage had been amply tested in years of difficulty and struggle, stepped into Mr. Duffy's place as editor in chief; I succeeded to the second position; and Mr. M. Clery, a nobly honest and true souled young Irishman, undertook the business management of the property. Mr. Duffy's valedictory address described in moving language the events of the past six years, and the present circumstances of Ireland. A change might come he said—and that it might be fondly prayed; but unless and until the existing conditions altered "there was no more hope for Ireland than for a corpse on the dissecting table." Gloomy news came crowding in. On Oct. 22 Frederick Lucas died at Staines. On Nov. 6 Gavan Duffy sailed for Australia. It seemed the extinction of national politics in Ireland.

I have said that in 1854 the tide had turned with John Sadleir. Alas! through out that year, and all the weary days of 1855, unknown to even his nearest and dearest friends, he was suffering tortures indescribable! Some of his colossal speculations had turned out adversely; and he had misappropriated the last shilling of the Tipperary bank. Another venture, he thinks, may recoup all; it only leads to deeper ruin! He must go on; he cannot turn back now. But where are funds to be reached for further wild endeavors? All calmly as ever he had trod the lobby of the house of commons. No eye could detect on that impassive countenance of his that there was aught but the satisfaction of success within. His political associates joked with him over Gavan Duffy's "political funeral." They effusively felicitated him on the signal overthrow and final dispersion of his adversaries. "Ireland is now all your own, John," said one of them; "you have conquered all along the line. You must be happy as a king!" He smiled his cold sad smile, and said, yes to be sure he was. At home in Ireland his own journal, and all the Liberal government organs, were never tired of sounding his praise and proclaiming his triumph over the dead Lucas and the exiled Duffy.

Nightly, after leaving the house of commons, John Sadleir sat up late in the private study of his town house, 11 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park. Morning often dawned and found him at his lonely labors. What were they?

In the stillness and secrecy of those midnight hours John Sadleir, the man of success, the millionaire, the lord of the treasury that had been, the peer of the realm that was to be, was occupied in forging deeds, conveyances and bills for hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Still accumulating disaster overpowered even these resources of fraud.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

PERSONAL.

Capt. J. C. Donoghue, a prominent Irish-American of Omaha, was in the city this week, on business. He disposed of twenty car loads of cattle during his stay. The Captain declared his intention of participating in the St. Patrick's Day parade before returning home.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

There was an entertainment in St. Philips school hall in Central Park on Thursday night.

The retreat given at the Sacred Heart church by the Rev. Father Muller closed Sunday evening. The attendance was very large last week.

Prof. Conroy, of St. Ignatius College, has gone to Omaha on an extended vacation in search of health.

On Wednesday of last week the ladies of the Brownson Literary Circle paid a visit to St. Ignatius College, and were entertained by Prof. Heitkamp with some practical illustrations in the study of physics and electricity. The ladies were highly pleased with the experiments.

The Rev. Father Hanhauser, S. J., has returned from Maryland, and will resume his duties for the present.

A mission will be opened at the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, No. 1426 Wellington street, Lake View, on Sunday, April 3, at the 10:30 mass, by the Rev. Fathers Moeller and Finnegan, the eloquent and learned divines of the Society of Jesus, St. Louis.

The lenten services at St. Catherine's church in Austin are held on Friday and Sunday evenings. The Rev. Father Campbell, pastor of the church, has begun a course of Sunday evening lectures on church history. Friday evenings stations of the cross.

Last Sunday night the Rev. Father Hill left for Loretto, Ky., to begin a retreat to the religious community at that place.

The feast of St. Joseph occurs today (Saturday), and will be observed in all the churches. This is the patronal feast of America, and during the month of March the great saint is specially honored by devout clients.

The Rev. Father Finnegan, S. J., delivered the sermon at the solemn high mass at the Sacred Heart church on St. Patrick's Day.

The 9 o'clock solemn high mass at St. Michael's church concluded with the opening of the 40 hours' devotion last Sunday. The choir sang LeJeal's mass in D; "Veni Creator," mannerchor of twenty-four voices, Dr. Eugene Frey; offertory, "O Cor Amoris Victima," soprano solo, Lambilotte, Miss K Franzen. After mass and during the procession, the different members sang "Pange Lingua," and Laude Sion chorus, Gregorian Ecce Panis, trio for soprano, tenor, and bass, Wiegand was sung by Miss L Moringer, F. Miller, and B. Edelman. "Tantum Ergo," chorus, Goeb; Postlude, organ; offertoire, L. Wely. At 7 o'clock in the evening there was a sermon, followed by benediction of the blessed sacrament.

The Rev. Father Lugas, S. J., has just closed a Triduum to the young lady pupils of the Sacred Heart Convent on West Taylor street.

The Right Rev. Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, N. J., delivered the address at the St. Patrick's Day celebration in the Auditorium last Thursday evening.

The Rev. Father Fitzgerald, rector of St. Ignatius College, delivered the sermon at solemn high mass at the Holy Family church on St. Patrick's Day.

How I Made Money.

While visiting my cousin in Illinois last month, I learned she had been making money plating with gold, silver and nickel, using the Lightning Plater, which she told me worked to perfection. After I got home I sent $5 to H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio, and obtained one of their plating machines and I have now all the work I can do. My brother gets the orders and I do the work, and it is surprising how much work can be had. Everybody has spoons, knives and forks to plate, and you can plate quick and nice. One week I made $12 50 and this last week I made $9 and didn't do much work. As this is my first lucky streak I give my experience, hoping others may be benefited as much as I have been.

CARRIE GRIMLS.

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Feld of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER VI.

"A stranger held the land and town
Of many a noble fugitive;
No popish lord had lordly power—
The peasant scarce had leave to live;
Above his head
A ruined shed,
No tenure but a tyrant's will—
Forbid to plead,
Forbid to read,
Disarmed, disfranchised, imbecile—
What wonder if our step betrays
The freedman born in penal days?"

A square old tower, grim and hoary with age, looking down upon the minor and more modern buildings that formed a rectangular courtyard before it; a tower with a dark garment of ivy clinging around one of its angles, with its face wrinkled with many a crack and fissure, and tall grass flourishing in the aperture of its battlements and the recesses of its mullioned windows—such was Rappa Castle.

The place, notwithstanding the memories of feudal warfare suggested by the veteran like keep, had a cheerful and homely air about it. Seen on this pleasant summer day its aspect was peculiarly comfortable and picturesque. Swallows twittered and darted around their clay houses near the summit of the tower; doves fluttered their white pinions in the sunshine and cooed and strutted on the roofs. Scarce a breath waved the luxuriant branches of the trees that threw their shadows athwart the green lawn; and the smoke-wreaths from the quaint chimneys melted away tranquilly into the mellow atmosphere.

On one side of the courtyard a bald-headed old man—almost the counterpart of the veteran Donal Murray—was filling a bucket at a curious griffic-crowned pump, and the regular clank, clank of the handle sounded rather loudly on the quiet air. On the stone steps that led to the chief entrance lay a large shaggy hound, his eyes blinking drowsily at intervals, and his sharp muzzle resting on his paws.

"Here we are, Fergus—and now to see father," exclaimed Marion Bourke, as she and O'Ronan entered the courtyard from the [illegible].

Before he could offer her his assistance to alight, she had herself sprung from the saddle to the ground.

"Back so soon, Miss Marion," remarked the old servant as, relinquishing his occupation at the pump, he approached and took her palfrey's rein, while the hound bounded from his couch, and fawned in agile bounds around her.

"So you see, and you can take Roland to his stable. Down, Hawk—have manners! Has my father yet stirred from his room, Phelim?"

"Yes, avourneen; he is in the armory with Father Manus; but"—and the old man cast an interrogative glance at Fergus.

The young lady uttered a merry laugh.

"You need not fear," she said; "this is no satellite of Wat Ormsby. Come with me, Fergus."

The young man bowed, and followed her up the steps and through the portal, catching sight as he did so of the weather-beaten escutcheon above the stone lintel, the arms, carved in bold relief, of the once powerful Bourkes—the cross, lion, and dexter hand—crested with the chained mountain cat, and encircled with the scroll bearing the motto, "A cruce salus."

Passing along a hall, whose walls were adorned with huge antlers, he followed her up a spiral stairs until they reached a small, arched door—an oaken door, clasped with strong ornamental bands and hinges of iron. On this she lightly knocked.

"Who is there?" inquired a feeble voice from inside.

"It is I, father—I and a friend."

A bolt was drawn, and the door opened. The pair passed in, and Fergus found himself in the presence of the lord of Rappa.

Old Edmund Bourke was in age about 70. His countenance, pinched with age and illness, looked pensively forth from the depths of a large full-bottomed wig, the curls of which fell wide over his narrow, stooped shoulders. Very feeble and wasted seemed his frame as he lay back in a quaint arm-chair, his thin, shrivelled hands resting languidly on the velvet cushions, and his dark hose hanging in creases around his shrunken legs. His voice, strained and weak, was quite in keeping with his shattered physique.

Thus mournfully enfeebled, the old man seemed to symbolize in his person the fallen and decayed fortunes of his family.

Time there was when the owner of Rappa would have scorned to count himself second to the proudest dynast in Connacht. Then was the old fortalice the abode of stately dames and powerful warriors. There for a time dwelt the princely MacWilliam—as the head of the Bourkes was called—whose sway extended over Mayo and part of Sligo. There resided the munificent founder of one of the noblest Franciscan monasteries in Connacht. At the instance of the provincial, Nehemiah O'Donohoe, he (the MacWilliam Thomas) was about to found a religious house at the Rappa, when the extraordinary movements of a dove attracted attention. The bird—so runs the tradition—was followed with interest till it reached the bank of the Moy, where it traced with its wings the site of the intended monastery in the dew. The MacWilliam at once adopted the suggestion sent him as it seemed from heaven; and thus arose the stately monastery and noviciatory of Moyne.

Quite an historic place was Rappa.

The stormy blast of the Elizabethan wars passed almost unscathingly over the grey tower. By "Perrot's Composition" in 1585, a former Edmund Bourke secured a grant of "the towne and castle of Roppaghe (Rappa)" and four quarters of land (480 acres), on condition of paying an annual rent of £2 to the queen's treasurer. He was one of a powerful band of brothers. One of these was the MacWilliam John, or Shawn More, who defeated the English army under President Fitton at the sanguinary battle of Shrule; another was Sir Richard of Newtown or Deel Castle; a third, Thomas of Castle Clogh ans; a fourth, David of Castleres; while a fifth—the sarcastic wit of the family—was known as Walter the Giber. Thirty-two years later Edmund's son Oliver was in possession of the castle and lands, and his successor was another Edmund, who here raised the national banner when the Catholic Confederation drew its sword *pro aris et focis*; in the first winter of that long war time he and his relative, Walter of Ardagh, were the leaders of the escort that conducted the captive Puritans—Sir Robert Hannah and his party—from the Castle of Belleek on the Moy to the Irish camp in Leitrim.

The close of the war and of the succeeding one brought ruin and repeated ruin to the Bourkes. A horde of greedy trooper settlers poured into Tirawley, government handing over to them the fertile lands of the Anglo-Irish family—the lands which the Bourkes themselves had formerly seized from the Barretts, as *they* had seized them from the old Milesian possessors. Enniscoe passed to the Jacksons, Cloghans to the Ormsbys, Deel Castle to the Gores, Belleek to the Lindsays. But in the midst of this general spoliation Rappa was somehow suffered to remain in the hands of its old proprietors.

But now, as the abode of a papist, the old place lay full in the gloom of the Penal Code—"a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance," said the great statesman, namesake of the lord of Rappa, "and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man!"

In his youth Edmund Bourke had been a soldier, had fought valiantly at the Boyne and Aughrim—and bitter gall to his proud spirit was the scornful insolence with which he was treated by his neighbors of the ascendancy. Time had brought no relaxation of his grievances—rather the opposite. The sting of persecution rankled as keenly in his heart as in that of an impulsive youth, and its smart drew many a bitter exclamation from his lips.

"Cheer up, dear father," Marion was wont to say in gentle soothing; "heed not our enemies or their cruel laws. Better times will come by-and-by, when none shall dare oppress us."

"Better times, Marion avourneen!" was the usual reply—"ah, I shall never see them—I shall live and die a slave. We are slaves, Marion—you and I and Ulick—slaves aroon!—slaves to the crop eared ruffians, the scum of Cromwell and Dutch Billi! Oh, *quosque, Domine!—quosque?*"

Ulick, it may be remarked, was his son, his only other child beyond Marion.

Truly, the old man's position, both in its social and political aspect, was a low and degraded one. He dare not carry arms, nor keep them in his house, nor possess a horse in value over five pounds sterling—so that Marion's pretty palfrey was liable to be taken from her at any moment by a "discoverer." Ten years previously—though the proportion in Ireland of Catholics to Protestants was *five to one*—he had been deprived of the right of voting at the election of members of parliament. He was debarred from purchasing land on any terms, nor could he sell his own or any portion of it if his son chose to turn Protestant—which would reduce himself to the condition of tenant for life. Neither he nor his son could be a doctor, a lawyer, nor an M.P.—unless, in the latter case, he consented to take an infamous oath vilifying his religion. He was forbidden to have his children taught by a Catholic tutor, liable to be fined if he neglected to attend the service of the Established Church on Sundays, and forbidden the exercise of his religion: if he presumed to perform even a station at a holy well, he incurred the penalty of a fine or a *whipping!*

The apartment in which he sat was a large wainscotted one, lighted by two large mullioned windows of antique appearance. It had a spacious fireplace with grotesquely carved breast and supporters, and large fire-dogs of brass. The furniture was very quaint, but highly polished, with a plentitude of brass nails and well-worn cushions and fringes.

This was called "the armory," though not a single weapon or piece of armor was to be seen in the entire apartment. True, the arms and armor *had been* there, but several years previously, in obedience to the Papist Disarming act of Lord Capel's parliament, the walls had been stripped of their trophies — broadswords, rapiers, petronels, arquebuses, Irish sparths and skians, the great longsword of Richard the Warrior, the conqueror of Tirawley, and the falchion which Edmund himself had wielded at Aughrim—all of which had to be duly given up to the nearest justice of the peace, Sir Arthur Gore, of Deel Castle, who used them to decorate his own mansion.

"Good morning, father," said the maiden on entering.

"Good day, Marion. I see you have been riding. Bless me! what an early bird you are to fly so early over the country. Where have you been with Roland?"

"Oh, on a very pleasant ride—as far as the banks of the Deel."

"Now, Marion, you should be more cautious," gravely remarked the old man. "There are soldiers over there just now, and that insolent Lindsay——"

"My dear father, I scarcely met a soul during my entire excursion save one—and here he is."

"Good morning to you, my dear child," said a strong kindly voice; "I am very glad to see you look so well."

"Oh, dear Father Manus! I did not notice you in the dark corner. How happy I am to meet you once more!"

And she eagerly grasped the hand of one who arose and advanced to greet her—of one who now turned to O'Ronan with cheery words and look of recognition.

"Eh, Fergus, my son, is this you? Well, boy, 'tis well and hearty you look after your scrape with a certain gentleman who is very inquisitive after us poor priests. Bless your soul, boy, I've heard all about your late interview with Canwore."

"Ay, so have I and father. Here, father, is the young man who balked Ormsby yesterday, and helped the poor old school master to escape. I met him over at the river, and brought him here so that you might intercede for him with Sir Arthur, and get him out of this little trouble of his. His name is Fergus O'Ronan."

"I would like to tell him of your bravery in saving me," whispered Marion to her rescuer, "but it might alarm him too much, and the slightest shock would be dangerous to him."

"I fear, lady, you overrate my humble services," replied Fergus.

"Come hither, my son," said the old man to the latter.

Fergus obeyed. The lord of Rappa took his hand and shook it warmly.

"I was proud to hear how you baffled that scoundrel at Rathduff. You are a brave good lad, and I shall do all I can for you—though, poor old papist that I am, I fear that can be but very little—and Ormsby is such a malicious dog."

Fergus briefly expressed his thanks.

"If he suspect me to be in the neighborhood we may have him here at any moment with a search-warrant. Well, Providence be thanked, there are nooks in these old walls that even he has failed to discover," remarked the priest.

"Have no fear, reverend sir," exclaimed his host, with a sudden fire manifesting itself in his sharp eyes and the twitchings of his infirm frame. "Ere the ruffian should dare lay his accursed hands on you within this house he should pass across the corpse of its master."

"Say not so, Edmund," was the reply, in grave tones of rebuke; "the shedding of blood would ill suit my sacred mission. Your speech is violent and unadvised; such words should deter me from ever seeking refuge across your threshold."

"Excuse him, Father," said Marion, "indignation is apt to excite him greatly betimes."

"Marion is right, Father," exclaimed her sire, "I *do* speak too hastily now and then—a family failing, my dear soggarth; yet one should think that in me the frost of age had well chilled the hot blood of the Bourkes."

"Where have you been for the past fortnight, Father?" asked Marion.

"To and fro through the diocese, my child—here one night, twenty miles away the next—wherever the voice of duty called the hunted minister of God."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Amnesty of Political Prisoners.

It would seem that the recent debate on the amnesty of Irish political prisoners which took place in the British house of commons is making a deep impression on the English public. The *Observer* (Tory) deals with the question as follows:

"The strength of the plea for re-consideration of the sentences with a view to the early release of the prisoners lay in the tacit assumption that they must not be regarded as ordinary criminals. The authors of the dynamite explosions in London and elsewhere were actuated, according to the contention of Mr. Redmond and his supporters, by a genuine if perverted patriotism; had risked their own lives and were now undergoing penal servitude out of a desire, however erroneous or however reprehensible, to serve the cause of Irish independence. We do not think this is an unfair statement of the plea put forward by Parnellites and anti-Parnellites alike, and if we were able to admit the premises we should find it difficult to dispute the conclusion. If, as the opposition assert, the concession of Home Rule to Ireland is a foregone conclusion a general amnesty is the necessary corollary of the proposed repeal of the union. Nobody can doubt that one of the first acts of a Nationalist parliament in Dublin would be to vote an address demanding the release of Daly and his fellow prisoners, and we fail to see how such a demand could be refused without bringing an immediate conflict between the Irish and British parliaments."

Perhaps the approaching elections has had some effect on the opinions of the *Observer*.

At the annual meeting of the Drogheda branch of the Irish National League, Mr. John Kelly, of the Central League, who was elected an honorary member, said: "When he looked around the country—and no man in Ireland knew the country better than he did—it made his heart glad that the good and true men—men who were in the fight in trying times, men who were not of the latter day growth, men who, in times of danger and difficulty, were in the foreground, were on the side of Mr. Parnell. In the face of every difficulty—and they were many—they were, however, steadily and surely—he would not say slowly—marching on to victory and brushing those creatures aside who would impede their progress. They never would dread an open foe. It was creatures that grew up in Ireland who always betrayed the cause. That was never better exemplified than in the case of the men who, in the day of Mr. Parnell's triumph, lauded him to the skies, and then basely turned around and struck down the greatest man that this generation had produced.

One of the most practical attempts to deal with the extreme poverty and suffering of the native population in the West of Ireland is the Connemara basket industry, which has been established at Letterfrack, county Galway, by the single handed and indefatigable labors of Miss Sturge, daughter of the late Joseph Sturge. She went to France herself to learn the art of basket making, and has, since 1883, been engaged in teaching it to the poverty-stricken peasants on the rocky, Atlantic-bound coast of Connemara.

GAELIC POETRY.

Moladh na Gaedhilge.

Do agriobhadh na feursa leanas leis an bhfear dá bh-fuil a ainm le feicsin ann. Do chuala sé moladh air an bh-fileadh, T. D. O'Súildhubhdáin d'a léigheadh, mar gheall air an maitheas deunta leis le n-a agribhinn; acht déir ùghdar na bh-feursa Gaedhilge gurab cóiride dhó agriobhadh a d-teangain a mhathar féin' na a d-teangain namhad na h-Eireann:

Is caillte an gnó gan dearmad
Nar agriobh sé a dhán a nGaedhilig,
Anns an teangain ann ar féidir
Gach sgeul do chur a g-cló.
Thogh sé t-ang' an t-Sasanaigh
Do bhios a n-earraid leis an Gaedhilig.
Faire fé is baoth é,
T. D. O'Súildhubhdáin!

Ná bigidh 'nois a bh-fearg liom,
An nidh so dibh-se inesint:
An té ná labhrann teang' a thír',
Ní'l annsud acht spriosán:
Gan fuamanunt, gus, ná tairbhe
Gluiaseann 'measg ár n-daoineadh,
'S m' ainm-se biodh agriobhtha leis,
Séamus maol O'Cochalain.

Tá athus mór le tamall orm,
Cuideachta bheith liou suidhte,
An Ruisealach mór columa,
'S an Gallchabhrach breách taoibh leis.
Is mór chuid de na maithibh
A labhrann teang' a d-tire,
'S go m-buaidh Dia na fir so
Lasas solus ann ár d-timcheall
SEAMUS O COCHALAIN.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of THE CITIZEN will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Literary Notes.

The contents of the March *Arena* are sufficiently varied to interest all lovers of serious literature. The Rev. Minot J. Savage, the eminent liberal divine of Boston, contributes a remarkable paper on physical research, giving many thrilling stories for the truth of which he vouches. Prof. Joseph Rhodes Buchanan writes thoughtfully on "Full-orbed Education," a paper which should be perused by every parent and teacher in America. Henry Wood contributes a paper of great ability and interest, entitled "Revelation through Nature." Gen. J. B. Weaver writes on "The Threefold Contention of Industry." Hamlin Garland describes in his graphic manner the Farmers' Alliance members of the present congress. This paper is accompanied by nine photogravures. Hon. Walter Clark, LL.D., Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, furnishes a masterly argument in favor of governmental control of the telegraph and telephone. William Q. Judge, of New York, who stands at the head of the Theosophical movement in America, answers Moncure D. Conway's recent article on "Madame Blavatsky at Adyar." Nellie Booth Simmons' "Battle Hymn of Labor," which occupies four pages, is one of the best poems of the month. The editor discusses "The Dead Sea of the Nineteenth Century," a thoughtful paper on the increasing misery of the very poor in our great cities. No magazine of the present day publishes so many striking and thought-inspiring articles as the *Arena*.

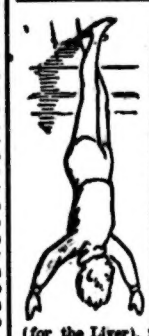
Picnic Grounds.

WHERE THEY ARE—HOW TO REACH THEM.

The most beautiful picnic grounds, within easy distance of Chicago, fitted out with all the conveniences necessary to make a day's outing enjoyable, are situated on the Wisconsin Central lines, among which are Schiller Park, Clybourn Park and Diamond Lake Park. The superior facilities afforded by the "Central" for handling this business needs no introduction. Its advantages have been fully established. Lodges, clubs, societies, associations, churches, etc., contemplating an outing during the coming summer, will find it to their interest, before making final preparations, to call on James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Room 212, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue, who will take pleasure in furnishing all information. Committees desiring to inspect grounds will be provided with necessary transportation.

The death is announced of the Superioress of the Bon Secour Convent, Strand street, Tralee, the Rev. Mother Alice (Miss Young Wicklow.) Deceased was 61 years of age, and was 27 years attached to the Order of Bon Secours.

At Bennekerry, near Carlow, a boy named Laurence Haydon, one of the three boys bitten by a dog last May, and sent to Paris for treatment at the Pasteur Institute, died of hydrophobia.



Something you can't do is to get Dr. Pierce's *genuine* medicines at what pretend to be "cut prices." They don't come to you in that way.

To prevent fraud and imposition, the genuine guaranteed medicines are sold only through druggists duly authorized as agents, and *always* at these long-established prices:—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery (for the Liver, Blood, and Lungs), $1.00 per bottle; Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription (for woman's weaknesses and ailments), $1.00 per bottle; and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets (for the Liver), 25 cents per vial.

The genuine medicines can be had only at these prices, but nothing else, no matter what the price, can be as cheap, for Dr. Pierce's medicines are *guaranteed*. In every case where they fail to benefit or cure, you have your money back. You pay only for value received. Beware of dilutions, imitations, and substitutes, offered at lower prices.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.
[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.
[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING
[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.
[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.
[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.
[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.
[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.
[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.
[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skillfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.
[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.
[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.
[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.
[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.
[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 22.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.
[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.
[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.
[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.
[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

PRICE: Full Cloth, $3.00; Half Morocco, $3.50; Full Morocco, $5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 69 Dearborn-st., Room 46, Chicago, and by all leading Booksellers.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

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If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 259 Broadway, N. Y. City

BEHRING SEA DISPUTE.

What Sherman Says of the Treaty Now Pending.

IT IS HONORABLE TO BOTH NATIONS.

An Example of Arbitration Which Should Be Adopted in Controversy Between Great Countries—What the London Saturday Review Says of the Situation—The Last Note of the United States to Great Britain Unanswered.

WASHINGTON, March 14.—Senator Sherman Saturday gave for publication the following statement respecting the Behring sea matter:

"I do not wish to commit myself in respect to our seal fisheries in the Pribyloff islands until Lord Salisbury replies to the recent letter of Mr. Wharton. I regard the treaty now pending with the highest favor. It is honorable to both nations. It is an

JOHN SHERMAN.

example of arbitration which ought to be adopted in every controversy between two countries bound by so many ties as Great Britain and the United States. A war or even a contention between them for a cause so trivial as one year's fishing for seals would be a crime against civilization. It is manifest that it is the interest and desire of each to preserve the Alaskan seal fisheries from destruction by Canadian poachers on the high seas.

Able to Prevent Poaching.

"The cupidity of a few vessel owners pending arbitration threatens to disturb the peace and amity of two great nations. Surely diplomacy ought to be able to provide some modus vivendi pending the present season. It may be unpleasant and ungracious for Great Britain to resist by her ships and sailors the reckless acts of a few of her subjects, for whose conduct Lord Salisbury disclaims all responsibility, but we are under no such restraint, and are able to prevent such poaching on rights that we purchased of Russia, and which Russia and the United States have openly asserted and enjoyed for one hundred years. It is now claimed that by the law of nations our title is not good; that seals born and bred on our soil may be slaughtered in the high seas when, by the laws of their nature they are making their annual pilgrimage.

Asking Too Much.

"We are willing for the sake of peace to submit this question to arbitration. We only ask that the seals may not be destroyed by pelagic fishing while the arbitrators are sitting. We would gladly share with Great Britain the expense and trouble of maintaining a status quo pending the arbitration and will faithfully and honorably abide by its result. But it is asking too much for us at the same time to allow the irresponsible and unfriendly neighbors to destroy the very subject matter of controversy, especially when we have at our command means to prevent it. I sincerely hope and trust that the executive authorities of the two countries will find some way to bridge this diplomatic difficulty."

"BEHRING SEA AS BEFORE."

Comments of the London Saturday Review on the Situation.

LONDON, March 14.—The Saturday Review in an editorial entitled "Behring Sea as Before," says: "If it were not that the interests of some of her majesty's subjects are concerned there would be no small matter for amusement or even for congratulations in the turn things have taken. There is a certain annoyance in having to listen to the impertinence of the Americans, but that is such an old fret, and so inevitable that it is hardly worth taking into account. An ample setoff for it might be found, but for said interests, in the admirable demonstration the revival of the dispute affords of the futility of arbitrations.

The Simplest Course.

"The large handful of faddists who believe in them had scarcely recorded this supposed new triumph of their principles, when Mr. Harrison was at work sending papers to the senate and Mr. Wharton was writing hectoring letters directed by an Irish boss, through her majesty's minister at Washington. It seems idle to hope for really friendly relations through such negotiations. The simplest course, and the one best calculated in the long run to insure tolerable relations, would be to throw the responsibility for breaking the treaty upon the United States and announce our intention of protecting Canadian sealers.

Uncle Sam's Last Note Unanswered.

WASHINGTON, March 14.—Great Britain has not replied to the last note of the United States on the Behring sea controversy. State department officials, however, are not the least surprised at this delay, as the matter is one of the greatest importance and each word in such communications has to be weighed and carefully considered. The feeling in official circles on the Behring sea controversy is one of interest but not anxiety. Very few people expect a clash of arms with Great Britain and in the navy department which would have to bear the brunt of contest if one ensued, no unusual activity is observed.

Dined with Wanamaker.

WASHINGTON, March 11. — Postmaster General Wanamaker entertained at breakfast the visiting postmasters now in convention in this city. The president and his cabinet, with the exception of secretaries Blaine and Foster, were present, as were a number of senators and representatives and other distinguished guests.

Australian Ballot Law in Iowa.

DES MOINES, March 11.—The senate has slightly amended and passed the Australian ballot bill.

ACCIDENT AT ST. LOUIS.

Three Men Killed and Two Others Injured by a Falling Elevator.

ST. LOUIS, March 14.—A frightful accident by which three men were instantly killed and two others fatally injured occurred at the boiler factory of Rohan Bros., at the corner of Second and Collins streets, shortly after 7 o'clock Monday morning. At that hour the bell had just sounded for the men to go to work and Frank Conn and Hugh Duffy were receiving instructions from Foreman Henry Kaiser as to their work for the day. The three men stood directly beneath an immense elevator used for hoisting heavy machinery.

Crushed into a Shapeless Mass.

The elevator was at the second story of the building and Thomas Flaherty and Michael Sweeney were engaged in loading it with sheet iron plates. The men sounded the warning bell as a signal that the elevator was about to descend. They then started the huge machine and it had scarcely moved when the rope broke and it fell with a crash on the men standing beneath it, crushing them into a shapeless mass of flesh and bones. The other employes of the factory rushed to their rescue, but were compelled to use heavy iron bars and levers to lift the immense weight of broken timbers and iron in order to remove the dead and injured men.

List of the Victims.

Following is a list of killed and injured: Killed—Henry Kaiser, foreman; Frank Conn, boiler maker, and Hugh Duffy, tackle rigger. Injured—Thomas Flaherty, on head and shoulders; Michael Sweeney, injured internally. Several other workmen were slightly hurt by flying timbers. The bodies of the three dead men were removed to the morgue and the injured men taken to the city hospital, where their injuries were pronounced serious and perhaps fatal. The elevator had been recently repaired and the rope was comparatively new. The apparatus was inspected a few weeks ago and pronounced in good condition.

THE COAL STRIKE IN ENGLAND.

Hundreds of Thousands of People Being Thrown Out of Work.

LONDON, March 14.—The coal strike continues universal in England, except that a few pits in Durham, Staffordshire, Worcestershire and North Wales are at work. In all other districts south of the Scotch border universal idleness prevails. Except in the few places where the coal supply from the pit mouth is maintained, factories continue to close and hundreds of thousands of people are being thrown out of employment. The Northwestern railway has closed its forge works at Crewe, which is said to be the greatest center of railway iron works in the world, and there is fear that the whole population of that place may be thrown out of employment for a time.

Railway and Steamship Lines.

The railway companies are preparing for a greater dearth of coal than now exists, and some of them are reducing their passenger service with a view of husbanding the coal supply. Steamship lines too find it difficult to get all the coal they want, especially for long voyages, and the price has risen so enormously that some of the so-called tramp vessels have concluded that it would not pay to start until coal comes down. Among the coal porters there is a feeling of apprehension at the prospect of enforced idleness.

FRIGHTFUL DISASTER.

Three Hundred Colliers Entombed in a Belgium Mine.

BRUSSELS, March 11.—A frightful colliery disaster has occurred at Anderlues. Three hundred miners are entombed in the pit, and a series of explosions has apparently cut off all access to the men. An attempt has been made to reach the imprisoned miners, but so far without success. The explorers have been beaten back by the foul fumes. The shafting and ventilation are destroyed.

Pathetic Scenes at the Pit.

Three female miners have been rescued, and it seems almost certain that all the rest are dead. Intense excitement prevails, and thousands are thronging to the place, which is one of the leading mining centers of Belgium. The scenes at the pit mouth are most pathetic, a multitude of people bewailing their relatives, supposed to have perished in the flames.

Incendiary Fire at Waverly, Ills.

WAVERLY, Ills., March 11.—Thursday night fire started in Fleming's grocery and before it could be checked had destroyed that building and also the stores of John Shehan, J. A. Woodmanson and T. Meacham. Druggist W. C. Fleming barely escaped with his life. Thursday Mayor Wemple received a letter saying: "Stop the Sturgiss case or the town will burn." The Sturgiss case was a whisky peddling one and the mayor paid no attention to the letter and prosecuted the case. Thursday night the incendiary carried his threat into execution. It is almost known who wrote the letter, and the citizens were excitedly discussing the question of lynching the miscreant.

Cleveland in the Race.

MILWAUKEE, March 14.—Grover Cleveland will be a candidate for the presidential nomination before the Chicago convention. This fact is shown beyond a doubt by a letter written by the ex-president to General Edward S. Bragg, author of the famous phrase: "We love him for the enemies he has made." Mr. Cleveland's letter was brought out by one written by General Bragg urging him to define his position. In it he declared he would accept the nomination and was ready to sacrifice personal considerations for the good of the party and the country.

Inquest on Dynamite Victims.

NEW YORK, March 11.—The coroner's inquest into the death of Benjamin F. Norton and Henry L. Norcross, the men killed in the dynamite explosion in the office of Russell Sage last December, was begun Friday. Norcross is the man who came to Russell Sage's office and demanded $1,200,000 and when refused threw a dynamite bomb at Mr. Sage, which wrecked part of the building, killing Clerk Norton and the bomb-thrower, and injuring half a dozen persons.

Bold Robbery of Jewelry.

OMAHA, March 14.—Monday morning two men smashed the plate glass window in Max Meyers' jewelry store and seized several hundred dollars' worth of watches and jewelry. The burglary was committed in full sight of a number of pedestrians and the watchman, but the perpetrators escaped and have not been apprehended.

TRAGEDY AT TIFFIN.

A Young Man Tries to Murder His Employers,

AND SUCCEEDS IN KILLING HIMSELF.

He Also Fatally Wounds a Fellow Clerk —Great Excitement Caused by the Tragedy, as All Parties Connected with It Were Popular and Wealthy Business Men of the City—Probable Cause of the Sad Occurrence.

COLUMBUS, O., March 15.—A special to The Dispatch from Tiffin, O., says: The most appalling tragedy that has ever been recorded in the history of Tiffin occurred at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning. Walter A. Snyder, one of the most wealthy and most popular young men in the city, while engaged in a friendly conversation with two of his employes, Burron W. Cribaugh and Edward T. Naylor, suddenly and without a word of warning, pulled a revolver and began firing at them. Cribaugh was struck in the back and two balls passed through Naylor's body. Thomas W. Downey, a fellow clerk interfered and was shot three times. Synder then ran up stairs and put the remaining bullet in his revolver through his own heart.

Were Like Brothers.

The scene of the tragedy was the mammoth hardware store of J. M. Naylor, one of the oldest establishments in the city. For many years E. T. Naylor, a half-brother of the proprietor, Cribaugh and Snyder, have been employed in the store and they have been like brothers. Last week the senior Mr. Naylor announced his determination to make a change in the firm by the admission of Cribaugh and the younger Naylor. Snyder was worth probably $20,000 and was unmarried, but his money was so tied up in real estate that he was unable to take an interest in the business. This seems to have so preyed upon his mind as to produce insanity, for there is no doubt that his work was that of a madman.

Little Hope for Downey.

Within five minutes the story of the tragedy had spread all over the city, and the crowd became so dense in front of the store, which is located in the principal business portion of the city, that it was necessary for the police to clear the street. Physicians were hurriedly summoned and the wounded men given every attention. Snyder died instantly and his imperfect aim may possibly save the lives of his intended victims, though there is little hope for Downey, whose injuries are supposed to be of a fatal nature. Naylor is also badly injured, that it seems impossible for him to recover. Cribaugh is thought to have received but a flesh wound and he will doubtless be about his business within the next week.

All Were Highly Esteemed.

Few men in Tiffin enjoyed the public confidence more than those implicated in the tragedy. Snyder, the cause of the sad affair, was very popular, though occupying a clerical position. He had been successful in his investments and accumulated a competency. Cribaugh and Naylor stand high in business, social and political circles, and Downey is highly esteemed by all. All save Snyder are men of families. Naylor was also a soldier in the late war, being a member of the famous Eighth Ohio regiment. Business in the city is paralyzed, and the scene of the bloody deed is still surrounded by hundred of citizens all anxious to learn the details of the tragedy.

The Typhus Is Spreading.

PHILADELPHIA, March 15.—Two sisters, named Jacobs, both professional nurses, and one of whom attended several Russian typhus fever patients in Bellevue hospital, New York, are now confined in the municipal hospital, this city, suffering from the dread disease, but it is expected that they will recover.

NEW YORK, March 15.—Fred J. Hamilton, the reporter of The Commercial, who contracted typhus fever while investigating infected houses, in discharge of his journalistic duties, died at Riverside hospital Monday.

Lost Everything by Floods.

MADRID, March 15.—Queen Christiana has given 20,000 pesos to the relief of the sufferers by the floods in the south of Spain. Heart-rending accounts are received of the devastation wrought by the flood in Andalusia. People, cattle, and houses were swept along to destruction. Farmers have lost everything and multitudes are camped on the mountain sides, starving for the necessaries of life. The government has been called upon for aid and will respond to the best of its ability.

Voted for More Greenbacks.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—While the bill for the erection of postoffice buildings in the smaller towns was under discussion in the senate yesterday George of Mississippi offered an amendment providing that all expenses under the bill be paid by an extra issue of greenbacks. The following voted against tabling the proposal: Barbour, Berry, Call, Chilton, Coke, Daniel, George, Harris, Morgan, Pasco, Peffer, Pettigrew, Pugh, Stewart, Turpie, Vance and Vest.

The Man Who Built the Monitor.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 15.—The funeral of the Hon. John F. Winslow, who constructed the famous Monitor during the recent civil war, took place at the Presbyterian church Monday, the Rev. F. B. Wheeler officiating, assisted by the Rev. J. Rudd of Albion, N. Y.

Hetherington Held for Murder.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 15.—The Oceanic arrived yesterday from China and Yokohama. Lieutenant Hetherington has been held by the coroner's jury for killing the English banker, Gower Robinson, on the charge of wilful murder.

Wheat in Farmers' Hands.

MINNEAPOLIS, March 15.—The Journal has collected reports from sixty different points in Minnesota and the Dakotas, showing that there are, on a safe estimate, about 32,000,000 bushels of wheat yet for sale in farmers' hands.

Latest Purchase of Silver.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—The treasury department yesterday purchased 385,000 ounces of silver at from $0.9055 to $0.9094 per ounce.

New Bank for Texas.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—The Mercantile National Bank of Dallas, Tex., capital $150,000, has been authorized to begin business.

ANARCHISTS IN PARIS.

Panic Caused by Their Attempt to Blow Up the Lobeau Barracks.

PARIS, March 15.—Fear of the anarchists has almost become a panic in view of the attempt early Monday morning to blow up the Lobeau barracks, formerly occupied by the Republican guard, and in the rear of the Hotel De Ville. If the dynamiters intended the destruction of the barracks, they did not use a sufficient quantity of the explosive, as, while many windows were shattered, the damage was otherwise slight. The barracks have for some time been used by municipal functionaries, for whom there is not accommodation in the Hotel De Ville, and many valuable records are stored there. It is believed that the dynamiters intended the explosion as a menace or warning that their next attempt might be upon the Hotel De Ville itself.

The Police Hard at Work.

The authorities have been busy all the morning endeavoring to ascertain the cause of the explosion, as there is not yet positive evidence of its character. No doubt, however, is ascertained that the explosion is the work of anarchists. A large crowd assembled at the building Tuesday morning as soon as the facts became known through the city, and the police had difficulty in making a way for those employed in investigating the damage. The police have been energetically engaged in ferreting out anarchists, and in Passy and other suburbs where the extremists have their haunts a number of domiciliary visits have been made. No one was injured by the explosion in the Lobeau barracks.

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

Plot for a Wholesale Escape of Prisoners at Sing Sing.

SING SING, N. Y., March 15.—What is believed to have been a plot for a wholesale escape of prisoners has been nipped in the bud at Sing Sing prison. The plot was revealed by a trusted convict, who said many suits of citizens' clothes had been smuggled into the prison, and the convicts employed in the stoneyard were preparing to make a dash for liberty. A close watch was kept, but nothing suspicious was noticed until Friday, when a majority of the men in the stoneyard refused to go to work.

Keeping Strict Watch.

They were subdued without much excitement. Saturday the men again refused to go to work, but were again subdued. These acts of insubordination resulted in a stricter guard being kept and the entire prison was searched for citizens' clothes. One suit was found Monday, but whether the men have other suits concealed has not yet been determined. The keepers have been ordered to keep a strict watch.

An Appeal for the People's Party.

CHICAGO, March 15.—The national executive committee of the People's party has issued an appeal to the believers in the principles of that party, urging upon them the necessity of concerted action in the coming campaign and cautioning them to exercise great care in selecting delegates to the congressional, state, and national conventions. The need of money to push the work is urged, and the suggestion made that collections be taken up at the primary meetings to promulgate the cause. The appeal contains a warning to the effect that the old parties in New York and Pennsylvania intend to pack the people's party primaries in those

Sullivan's Opinion of Corbett.

CHICAGO, March 15.—John L. Sullivan, upon being shown a paper which contained Corbett's criticism on him was very much incensed after reading the same, venting his feelings as follows: "Why, that fellow, Corbett, won't be a taste for me, see? It took him twenty-seven rounds to whip little Joe Choynski and only fought Jackson to a draw when the nigger went in the ring with a broken leg. Corbett a fighter? Not much. You would say it was a snap to go out in the street and pick up $20,000 wouldn't you? Well, that's just how easy Corbett is for me."

Embezzled Benefit Funds.

BOSTON, March 15.—Augustus P. Calder, the well-known florist of this city, was arrested Monday afternoon charged with embezzlement of $15,000 in July, 1891, from the Mutual One Year Benefit order, an endowment organization with an office at 10 Tremont street. The arrested man was the supreme secretary of the order. The Mutual One Yeer Benefit order has already figured in the courts, its supreme treasurer, Alvin L. Greenwood, having been arrested several months ago charged with embezzling a similar amount. Mr. Calder is 54 years of age and married.

Murdered by His Own Son.

NEW PORT, Tenn., March 15.—In the latter part of November Squire David Boyer disappeared and was not seen again until Monday, when his horrible decomposed remains were found in a well on his farm. Three bullet holes were found in his clothing. Mr. Boyer's 25-year-old son, Wash, who is county superintendent of public schools, skipped as soon as the body was found and is hiding in a cave. His brother has offered $500 reward for him dead or alive.

Alabama and the Hill Boom.

BIRMINGHAM, March 15.—The Hill men have been getting the delegates in Alabama. The next Democratic state convention will be composed of 406 delegates, of whom 159 have already been elected. Careful inquiry into their presidential preferences shows that 104 are for Hill as first choice, forty for Cleveland at all hazzards and fifteen for the man who shall appear most available. The Alliance vote of the state is going almost solid for Hill.

Chicago Thieves Are Out of Sight.

CHICAGO, March 15.—During the temporary absence of the driver thieves stole a wagon load of thread from the Rock Island freight depot. The thread belonged to the Coats' Thread company and was valued at several hundred dollars. It was consigned to Des Moines, Davenport, Clinton, and Monmouth, Ills., merchants. The Pinkerton agency was notified, but no trace of the horse or wagon has been found.

Four-Sided and Fatal Fight.

CHEYENNE, March 15.—Word was received here that a four-sided fight occurred on Sunday among cowboys at Rongis, at which Buck Taylor, formerly with Buffalo Bill, was so badly injured that fatal results are feared. Pat Horrigan and Al Dougherty were badly cut with knives during the melee.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Important Happenings of a Week Stated in Brief Manner.

John Elmer, a farmer living near Cairo, Ills., was knocked down and robbed of $20 and a revolver.

Congressman Owen Scott of the Fourteenth district says he is not a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor of Illinois.

The wheat in sight is 41,555,285 bushels, an increase of 455,000 bushels during the week.

W H. Miller, proprietor of the Capitol dining rooms at Columbus, O., set fire to his place of business to save himself from the disgrace attendant upon failing in business. He is under arrest.

Twelve counties in central and southern Illinois have selected delegates to the Democratic convention, and none of them has been instructed for Senator Palmer.

Four persons were bitten by a mad dog at Springfield, O.

Sidney Green, a farmhand living near Elgin, Minn., was tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail. Last fall he eloped with another man's wife.

The Allouez tenement house containing nineteen families, at West Superior, Wis., was burned. Loss, $120,000; insurance, $66,000.

Ex-President Julius H. Seelye of Amherst college is preparing a textbook on "Citizenship" for use in the higher grade of schools.

The city of Valparaiso, Ind., has entered suit against the Nickel-Plate road to force the placing of gates at all the road crossings in that city.

Jim Corbett has accepted John L. Sullivan's challenge and posted $1,000 with the New York World as an evidence of good faith.

Spanish millers are endeavoring to persuade the Madrid government to annul the reciprocity treaty with the United States.

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The Standard Oil company is said to possess all the gas leases in Indiana, with the exception of those of Peru and Kokomo.

Fall River, Mass., cotton manufacturers report an increase in dividends of $40,950 for the present quarter over the corresponding quarter in 1891.

Presbyterians of Hiawatha, Kan., spent a whole afternoon at prayer to prevent the World's fair from being kept open on Sunday.

Bishop Henry M. Turner of the African Methodist church says that the only way to settle the race question is to send the negroes to Africa.

The Hastings Furniture company of Hastings, Mich., has assigned, with assets and liabilities of $40,000 each.

Five freshmen and two sophomores have been expelled from the University of Michigan for dissipation.

Two robbers overpowered the agent in a small Wabash station near Adrian, Mich., and stole the money drawer containing $50.

Vienna police have forbidden further free distribution of bread to the starving workmen of the city.

John Rice and Richard Carter, colored, suspected of arson, were shot by a posse near Cleveland, Miss. Carter will die.

Articles of incorporation of the Waterloo State bank of Waterloo, Ia., with a capital of $50,000 have been filed.

Three oil wells, each flowing 150 barrels of oil a day, were bored near Portland, Ind., during the past week.

Burglass made a wholesale raid on Port Jefferson, Shelby county, O. Delwesse's hardware store lost $300, Ogden's general store $200, Johnstone's blacksmith shop $70 and Nettleson's grocery $65. Local talent is suspected.

Captain Bogardus defeated G. W. Rexroat in a live pigeon match at thirty yards at Lincoln, Ills., killing forty-seven out of fifty, to Rexroat's forty-three.

The council of administration of the Wisconsin G. A. R. has decided that Madison post is the oldest in the state. Berlin post had been claiming that honor.

* * *

The city of Ashland, Wis., has been sued by J. J. Koch for $10,000 damages. Koch claims to have been injured by slipping on an icy sidewalk.

William Clorn, living near Warsaw, Ills., went into a field where a bull is kept and was set upon by the animal and mortally wounded.

The Chicago team played their first practice game at Hot Springs, being defeated by a picked team of 14 to 6.

Isaac D. Hazen, an old resident of Kent county, Mich., was thrown from his horse and his neck broken.

Miss Grace McKinney, an opera singer of Cleveland, was married on what was supposed to be her deathbed to the Rev. Wilson R. Stearly.

William J. Knowlton, a diamond dealer of Boston, has filed a voluntary petition of insolvency with liabilities of $300,000 and assets of $75,000.

Henry York, a merchant of Wingate, Ind., is missing. So are some funds belonging to the Knights of Pythias and some jewelry belonging to his wife.

In addition to the $250,000 left to erect a memorial hall at West Point, General Cullum of New York, by his will, leaves over $300,000 more to various charities, art and educational associations.

Republican municipal candidates were elected at Logan, Utah.

The party of engineers who are making the preliminary survey for the electric road that is proposed to be built between Chicago and St. Louis are on their way to Chicago.

Ice in the straits between Mackinaw island and Mackinaw City is still firm.

The Iowa house of representatives has passed a resolution favoring the submission of the prohibition amendment to the people.

Trains were blockaded, telegraph wires prostrated, street car traffic stopped, and pedestrianism made almost impossible by a storm in the northwest Wednesday night. At St. Paul many of the schools and stores were closed. The storm is said to be worst since Jan 12, 1888.

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Amos Avery, convicted of the murder of James A. Miles at Lamar, Mo., last September, has been sentenced to be hanged April 23 next.

H. N Porter of West Superior, Wis., was awarded $50,000 against the Silver Creek and Morris Coal company for injuries received while working on the latter's dock.

Cases in the superior court of Kentucky, in which three poolroom proprietors of Covington had been fined $500 each in the lower court were decided in favor of the proprietors.

The French foreign office has announced that a commercial treaty with the United States has been concluded. The senate of Spain approved the commercial treaty with the United States by a vote of 46 to 50.

The towboat Princess exploded its flues at Blennerhassett island. The engineer and fireman, both of Pittsburg, were badly scalded.

Lawyer Elmer E. Black of Salinesville, O., has been arrested on a charge of perjury. Six witnesses swear that Black's testimony in Thomas Whalen's burglary case was false.

Edward Green, a grain dealer of Laketon, Ind., is missing. It is rumored that he lost money speculating in wheat.

The Republican state central committee of Maryland has appointed May 4 for the state convention to meet at Frederick.

General Isaac J. Wistar, a childless Philadelphian of large wealth, has given the University of Pennsylvania $190,000 for a biological and anatomical museum and provided for $30,000 a year to keep it up.

Men are working overtime at Mare island navy yard to get cruisers ready in case they should be needed at Behring sea.

At Grafton, N. D., a man and his team were frozen to death within the city limits in Wednesday's storm. Half a mile from Devil's Lake, N. D., William M. Griffin, a farmer, was found frozen to death. At Badger, Ia., Thomas Onsson was blown from his wagon and instantly killed.

* * *

Alexander Becksway of Blue River township, Ind., celebrated the 112th anniversary of his birth. He is hale and hearty.

Anson's players were again defeated by a picked team at Hot Springs—13 to 6. Gumbert was knocked senseless by a ball pitched by Baldwin and had to be carried to his hotel in an ambulance.

John William Gaslin of Nebraska has been sued for $50,000 damages for breach of promise by Mrs. Lucinda E. Giver.

Frank Lewis of Peoria has sued the Jacksonville and Southeastern railroad at Lewiston, Ill., for $5,000 for injuries received in the wreck of the "Red Express" at Havana a year ago.

The Central Missouri M. E. conference has voted to admit women to the electoral and ministerial conferences—14 to 13.

The Rev. Mr. Howell of Argenta, Ill., has received an anonymous letter stating that he would be tarred and feathered if he did not cease causing trouble between two churches.

Henry Hess, a prominent farmer of Bay City, Mich., hanged himself. His barn was burned by incendiaries in the early winter and he had been sick and despondent since.

The 4-year old daughter of Joseph Diehl of Urbana, Ind., was fatally burned during the absence of her mother.

Mrs. Mary A. Todd sued Champaign, Ills., for $5,000 damages for injuries sustained by falling on a defective sidewalk. She has just been awarded $100.

At Lamar, Mo., a mob attempted to lynch James A. Miles, convicted of murder. The sheriff hid the prisoner in a church belfry until the mob dispersed.

A burglar named Wright, said to be from Normal, Ills., was killed endeavoring to effect an entrance into a residence at Bryant, O. He was shot by police.

Charles Whitt, Thomas Widegrove, and J. Lisk, indicted for burglary, and Henry Hanbaum, held for forgery, pleaded guilty at Champaign, Ills., and were sentenced to five years each in the penitentiary. Henry John, who was shot and captured while burglarizing a store in St. Joseph, also pleaded guilty and received a sentence of fifteen years in the penitentiary.

The Prohibitionists and People's party in Indiana will probably unite in placing state, congressional, legislative and county tickets in the field.

About five hundred negroes have arrived at Little Rock from Jefferson county and other counties for Oklahoma. They are completely destitute.

London's 80,000 barmaids are going to have a journal of their own, but it has not yet been decided whether it is to be issued weekly or monthly.

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The 4-year-old daughter of Joseph Duhl of Wabash, Ind., was burned to death.

The financial situation of the city of San Antonio, Tex., is exceedingly critical. For the first time in its history it is unable to pay a single one of its employes his salary.

Mr. E. H. Conger of Iowa, minister to Brazil, is home on a two-months' leave.

The jury in the circuit court at Joliet has awarded $300 damages to the plaintiff, Vogt, for injury to crops through fire from a locomotive.

Mystic (Ia.) people have a grievance. Detective Bell of Georgia arrested a negro, Jock Powell, on a charge of killing a white woman in the south. Bell turned his prisoner over to the Mystic authorities and disappeared. Powell is still in jail, and unless Bell turns up will sue Mystic for false imprisonment.

Miss Alice Mitchell of Tipton, Ind., took a drink of corrosive sublimate, thinking it medicine. She will probably die.

Charles Gill, an outlaw, was shot and killed at Caloosa, I. T.

Horace Greeley's daughter, wife of the Rev. Frank M. Clendennin, has given birth to a son.

At Carrollton, Mo., an unknown tramp was taken from the sheriff and hanged. He had assaulted Mrs. Perreton, wife of a farmer living four miles from town.

Peculiar

To itself in many important particulars, Hood's Sarsaparilla is different from and superior to any other medicine.

Peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom.

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100 Doses One Dollar

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, MARCH 19, 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Joseph Murphy.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Denman Thompson.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts—Rudolph Aronson's Comic Opera Co.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Lillian Russell Opera Co.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Meininger Dramatic Co.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"The Devil's Auction."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Fire Patrol."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE COAL CRISIS IN ENGLAND.

The Old World is in a very bad way just now. Troubles and misfortunes, grave and menacing, are falling to its lot. It looks as if its grey hairs are being slowly but surely brought down with sorrow and humiliation to the grave. Throughout the vast extent of Russian territory in Europe thousands are perishing in the throes of famine. In Germany the tide of socialism is rising higher and higher day by day. The Belgian workingman is following in the footsteps of his German brother. Portugal is to all intents and purposes on the eve of a revolution that will sweep the Braganzas from the throne of their forefathers. And England—even stolid conservative England—has now her share of social trouble and discontent, as instanced by the fact that on last Saturday more than 100,000 miners struck work, and by so doing have plunged the English commercial world into a state of chaos and panic.

The uprising of the colliery men is an ominous sign of the times, so far as England's future is concerned. It means the beginning of the end of the rule of the present governing classes in that country. Some writers may attach no political significance to what they call a Trades' Union revolt, but most impartial observers will see in this colliery strike very strong and socialistic tendencies at work, which may one day shape and possibly give a new direction to the destinies of Britain. Taken in connection with recent events in England, this strike proves that the British democracy—hitherto a laggard phlegmatic band in the ranks of labor—are at last waking up to a sense of the inferior position they occupy, and are beginning to see that they have claims on the State which are to be, and must be satisfied.

That the forces of radicalism are forging ahead in England is a fact that cannot be in any sense denied. The recent county council elections have increased the so-called extreme element to a considerable extent in these local legislative assemblies. The extension of the power to vote among the masses has had the effect of shearing the aristocracy of many of their privileges, as well as of much of their influence; and manhood suffrage, which is now only a question of time, will give the democracy almost absolute control of the loaves and fishes of office. The radical agitation has been furthermore strengthened by the gambling antics of the Prince of Wales, by the appalling and outrageous immorality prevalent in the upper strata of society, and by the growing conviction that the throne is not worth the millions of money that are actually expended by the British taxpayer for its support and maintenance.

The strike of the miners will emphasize this increasing discontent and disaffection. In that light THE CITIZEN hails it and welcomes it with a heart and a half. The subversion of Victoria's throne might not mean Ireland's national redemption. England's Radicals have been as much Ireland's enemies as have England's aristocrats. Yet Ireland's salvation may yet be found in the confusion and disunion of her foes; and a social revolt in Britain might prove to be the signal for a successful revolution in Ireland against British misrule.

BRITISH BERING BRAG.

The wily Salisbury is at his old tricks again. Bully at heart that he is, he gets on the rampage once more, and blusters and foams at the mouth over the Bering Sea troubles. This piece of stage play on his part is evidently intended for the British electorate. His cabinet is at present in the throes of decomposition and decay. Its policy for the "pacification" of Ireland has been a wretched failure. Its reputation for wise government has been irretrievably shattered. The English people are heartily sick of its incubus. And now it is playing its last desperate card in attempting to get back some of its lost popularity by picking a quarrel with this country in order that it may dissolve parliament, and go to the polls on the catching cry of British versus American interests.

The English premier will soon find himself away out in his calculations. He might play the part of a successful bully and blusterer if he had Zululand or Portugal to deal with, but in a diplomatic wrangle with this country he is sure to come off only second best. With the natural treachery of the Britisher he refuses to extend the modus vivendi for the protection of the Bering Sea fisheries pending the settlement of the question by arbitration, although some twenty-four hours before the refusal he signed the treaty for arbitration with the United States government!

The sealing grounds are therefore still open to poachers, and the result will be that the seal itself may be utterly exterminated, thanks to this latest move on the part of perfidious Albion. President Harrison, however, may be depended upon to look after the interests of our flag and nationality. No British interloper will be allowed to do as he pleases with the Bering Sea seals, as long as Uncle Sam has strength and muscle in his long right arm to have his rights respected and vindicated.

This, the latest treachery of England to the United States, is another instance of her hatred for us and our institutions. She sought at one time to kill off the Union by assisting and sympathizing with those who attempted to dismember it. She would kill it off today, if she could, by calcanery and by fraud. The old lady, however, had better stop fooling around Bering Straits or else Uncle Sam will have to draw some of her decaying grinders. Sam will stand no Britannic nonsense.

THE INJUSTICE OF BRITISH LAW.

British jurisconsults are very fond of stating that in the eye of British law everybody is everybody else's equal. In other words, rich and poor, high and humble, merchant and clerk, peer and peasant, are treated alike at the bar of justice. If a peer break the law, he shall, it is assumed, receive exactly the same punishment as that which would be meted out to a peasant found guilty of a similar offense.

Now, these principles are, on the face of them, all that the most advanced Radical would desire. Facts, however, go to prove that these sublime theories are never put into execution. They were created, like the Gold Sticks in-Waiting at Windsor Castle, more for ornament than for use. The latest proof that in England there is one law for the patrician and quite another for the plebian has been furnished by the trial at the Old Bailey, London, last week of Mrs. Osborne, on the charge of larceny and perjury. Now, this Mrs. Osborne—who, by the bye, would be referred to by the press as the woman Osborne if she were a hod carrier's wife—happens to belong to one of the swell sets of Cockney society. Though not overburdened with wealth, she was by "right of birth" and "privilege of caste" admitted into the charmed circle of the socalled "Upper Ten." In fact, she was what Englishmen are pleased to call a "lady." Now, this creature, by her own confession, has been proven guilty of having stolen a lot of valuable jewelry from her cousin, Mrs. Hargreaves. She has, moreover, confessed that she committed perjury in denying and repudiating the theft. These offenses are legally punishable with three or four years' imprisonment with hard labor; and such a penalty would have been dealt out to the fair culprit if she had been the wife of one of your commonplace Hodges. Instead of this, however, she has got off with nine months' incarceration without hard labor! And even this sentence, we are told, was considered excessive by honorable members in the lobbies of the house of commons when the result of the trial had become known. Then, in place of being conducted to prison in the Black Van, the vehicle for ordinary convicts, she was given a carriage all to herself—because, forsooth, though she was a thief and a perjurer, she was still a "lady" in the eyes of British law.

THE CITIZEN is curious to know how this flagrant violation of justice on the part of those sworn to administer it impartially, will be viewed by the Radical and Democratic press of England. If lords and ladies can break the law, and escape with comparative impunity where the Smiths, Joneses, Browns and Robinsons, have to put in three or four years of confinement in a prison cell, the vaunted boast of British jurisconsults is no less than a grinning farce. The English governing classes never shrink from protecting their own offending members in defiance of every kind of equity. And yet it is said that English law is in itself the perfection of human equity!

A CELTIC MUSICAL FESTIVAL DURING THE WORLD'S FAIR.

It is rather too soon yet to make preparations for things to take place in Chicago during the time of the Columbian Exposition; it can, however, do no harm to say something even now about a matter of which the Celts of this city should not lose sight, and that is, to hold a great Celtic musical festival here in 1893. Let the Irish, Gaelic Scotch and Welsh put their heads together and think over this matter as soon as they can. It is, of course, early yet, but an important matter of that kind cannot be thought of or spoken about too soon. Some time in the fall of 1893, when the weather begins to get cool, and when the city will be full of strangers, would be the best time to hold the festival. It should last for at least two or three evenings. There could hardly be meetings, for too many would be engaged at the exhibition during the day. The expense of getting up such an affair would be very trifling, and a good deal of money could be made by it. The profits accruing from it might be equally divided between the three branches of the Celtic race, the Irish, the Scotch and the Welsh!

Those who were fortunate enough to have assisted at the charming musical festival of the kind to which we refer, that was given in March of last year by the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones at All Souls' Welsh church on Oakwood boulevard, will easily know what a supremely interesting affair might be made of a great Celtic musical festival here during the Columbian Exposition, when the city will be crowded with strangers of all nationalities. It will be such a chance for the popularization of Celtic music as may never occur again; and if the Celts of Chicago do not take advantage of it, they shall have shown such a stupidity and a want of patriotism as their enemies can fully rejoice in.

It is ardently to be hoped that Irish, Scotch and Welsh Protestants and Catholics,—priests, parsons and ministers of every denomination, loyalists, royalists and Fenians will lay aside for at least a time their bickerings and their hate, and unite in giving full utterance to the noblest music that ever charmed or moved men's souls.

A BLOW FROM A FRIEND.

It is rarely, indeed, that an Irishman sees anything in a French publication that tends to make him angry; and it is, therefore, with great surprise that we have read an article on Parnell in the *Revue des deux Mondes* which could only have been written by an enemy of Ireland, or inspired by the English Tory foe. The article was written by some one signing himself "Augustin Filon," and he intimates that he knows Ireland well, and is perfectly well up in its politics.

Monsieur Filon's article is not directed against Parnell. He gives Parnell credit for having been the foremost political leader of his time, and for having accomplished what no other Irishman ever did; but this rascally and strange type of Frenchman tries to show, all through his article, that Ireland has no right to self-government, and that Parnell was great because he was not Irish or Celtic by race. To prove these two things, seems to have been the sole object of the writer. He does not say openly that Ireland has no right to self government, and does not say openly that the Irish race is no good; but he implies these things so nicely and yet so clearly that the drift of his article and the objects of the writer are unmistakable. It must be confessed that Monsieur Filon says hard things about the Irish in a very nice manner; that is, if ruffianly insendoes can ever be *nice*. The French language, with its marvellous power of *implying* things that to be said openly would be terrible, gave him great assistance in writing one of the most slanderous and unfeeling articles that were ever written about Ireland. If the article had appeared in a German or an Italian publication, one would not wonder so much at it, for no ancient political lien ever existed between those countries and Ireland; but for centuries France and Ireland have been bound together by the strongest possible ties. Irish arms have been largely instrumental in winning for France some of her most glorious victories; and France has more than once endeavored to burst the chains that bound Ireland to Great Britain. Even in France's last time of tribulation, when her rascally ruler declared a most unjustifiable war against Germany, and when the great retribution of having suffered a rascal to rule her for eighteen years, brought her such defeat and humiliation as no nation has suffered in modern times,—even then, in the midst of her misery, prostrate beneath the foot of her triumphant and victory-gorged foe, Ireland's old love for France was still as strong and as unchanged as when her eagles waved in almost every capital of continental Europe. There was not a peasant poor enough in all Ireland in 1871 not to have given cheerfully half his seed potatoes and seed oats to help the poor farmers of France whom Louis Napoleon's rascality had turned into paupers. Never were contributions to relieve any distress more cheerfully given, than were those that were collected in Ireland in 1871 to help the war-ruined small farmers of France. The *Revue des deux Mondes* should have remembered this before it printed an article on Ireland that hardly an English magazine would have accepted, and which not another periodical in France would have had the monstrous meanness to publish.

When Monsieur Filon implies that Parnell was wholly English in descent, he shows his utter ignorance of the subject about which he writes. Parnell is certainly an English, or rather, perhaps, a Norman-French name; but what about Stewart or Stuart, for the name is spelled both ways? Stewart is, in its present form, English; but it is well known that it was originally a Celtic name that has been translated into Stewart. The name was originally *Maor* or *Mac Maoir*. The office of *maor* or steward, was common in the great Scotc-Irish septs. There was also the office of *mor-maor*, or steward to the king. When after the marriage of Malcolm Cear-more, king of Scotland, with a Saxon princess in the eleventh century, English superceded Irish as the court language of that country, the name *Maor* became, very naturally, translated to Stewart, or Stuart. There is plenty of authentic Celtic history to prove the above statements. The earliest mention of the name Stewart that occurs in Irish documents is in annals containing an account of the memorable battle of Clontarf, fought in the year 1014, and written very shortly after that date. Those annals say that the *Maor Mor Lennoch* assisted the Irish with a body of troops in that battle. O'Donovan, the greatest Irish scholar that perhaps ever lived, translated the phrase, *Maor Mor Lennoch* by the "Great Stewart of Lennox." Here we have, without going any further, what may be called absolute proof that Stewart is a Celtic name; and as it was the name of Parnell's mother, he could not, as this possibly English-bribed Frenchman wants to make out, be wholly of English descent. As the writer of the artical says, "He dominated the English because he was of their race; he ruled the Irish because he was not of them." If this Frenchman can show the ethnological difference between the Celtic Scotch and the Celtic Irish, he shall have done something that was never done before.

The habit of translating Celtic names into English has been going on in Ireland and Scotland for over five hundred years, or ever since English became the official language of the two countries. Thus the Irish Sionnachs are now called Foxes; the Brehoneys are called Judges; the Maol vougheries are called Earlies, and so on in hundreds of other instances where Celtic surnames have been translated into their English equivalents. The name Stewart furnishes us with another instance of Celtic a surname being translated into English.

The article in question is, on the whole, fairly just to Parnell; the sting is in it where it says or plainly implies in so many places, that Ireland has no right to self government. In fact the article seems to have been written to show the barbarism, folly, and faction of the Irish. It is to be regretted that the Irish are not more united than they are; but where is the country in which there is political union? Certainly not in France. With all the real greatness of that country, it has, for more than a century, been more torn by political disunion and discord than any other country in Europe.

It is very strange what could have prompted the *Revue des deux Mondes* to print the article in question. No other publication in France would have done so. The periodical that printed it should have gone to sleep with Louis Napoleon. It should have no place under the Republic. It has been the organ of imperialism and monarchy since it saw the light. But the Irish race need not fear that France is about to become their enemy. The friendship between France and Ireland has lasted too long, and rests on too solid a foundation to be weakened by a lying scribbler in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. Every impartial reader of the article can come to no other conclusion than that it was inspired by English Toryism.

REBEL AND POET.

Boston has been, and still is the home of some of our brightest Irish and Irish-American poets. Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce, the author of "Deirdre" and the "Boys of Wexford," was for years a denizen of the Hub. John Boyle O'Reilly made his literary fame located within a few hundred yards of Bunker Hill. Today Boston holds within its precincts such well known Irish-American singers as Miss Catherine Conway, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake and Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, O'Reilly's able successor in the editorial chair of the *Pilot*. The recent publication of an "Irish Crazy Quilt" has added yet another name—that of Arthur M. Forrester—to the already brilliant muster roll of Irish-Bostonian Minstrels. Mr. Forrester—his poetical talents apart—has been for many years a faithful and conscientious worker in the cause of Ireland. A revolutionist by instinct training and character he labored long and zealously for the overthrow of British rule in Ireland, and paid the penalty of his devotion to patriotic duty in imprisonment and in exile. Persecuted though he has been since 1865 by the English government, he is today as uncompromising an enemy of of Dublin Castle as he was in the hot flush of youthhood. Unlike some Fenians of the old school, who beheld wonderful cabalistic signs in the stars, Mr. Forrester has seen no visions, and is therefore as much an impenitent rebel as ever.

His life has been a stormy and a checkered one. The eldest of five children, he was born in Ballytrain, county Monaghan, in 1850. His family emigrated to England when he was only seven years of age, and two years subsequently his father's death compelled him to go to work at a factory in Manchester. During the spare moments at his disposal, the boy received a sound education at the hands of his mother, the well known poetess, Mrs. Ellen Forrester, whose two daughters, Fanny and Mary, inherited with Arthur the poetical talents of the family. Owing to his Irish brogue, Arthur was the recipient of more cuffs than cents at the factory where the vast majority of the workmen were types of the average Hodge. The kicks and blows which were dealt him at this early epoch in his career made him not only a believer in physical force, but also an inveterate hater of everything Anglo-Saxon. At twelve years of age he began his apprenticeship to the printing trade on the staff of the Manchester *Guardian*, and later on contributed poetry to *The Temperance Magazine*. He was scarcely fourteen years old when he wrote a serial story for the *Alliance News*. The proprietors of the latter periodical took such an interest in the precocious lad that they offered to send him to college.

At this time he was writing political letters under the name of "Angus" to the *Irish People*, the organ of the I. R. B. In the suppressed number of that journal one of these letters appeared, and was put in as evidence against John O'Leary the editor. Some of Forrester's manuscripts were seized at the same time, and bearing as they did, the *Alliance News* heading, the conductors of that newspaper would have no more to do with the young rebel, whose college education had consequently to be abandoned. After many difficulties caused by his extreme youth he was in 1865 admitted into the Fenian organization. Early in 1866 he in company with others went over to Ireland to take part in the contemplated rising. He was neither tall nor young enough to be anything but a bugler; but as the revolutionists could not afford music, the only job he could get was that of errand boy. On his return to Manchester he organized the strongest circle of the I. R. B. in the north of England, and was a center before he reached his seventeenth birthday. Subsequently he led ninety-eight men to the attempted raid on Chester, and proceeded in March, 1867, to Ireland where he was arrested in Camden street, Dublin, by Detective Officer Carey. Forrester did not give himself up without a struggle, in the course of which Carey was so severly wounded that he had to retire from active service for the remainder of his life. Forrester's youth saved him from perpetual penal servitude. He was, however, sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment on the charge of treason felony, and spent his term in several dungeons.

In 1869 he was one of two who reorganized the I. R. B., and acted on the executive of that body. Arrested in Liverpool on a second charge of treason felony he escaped conviction through the want of any technical evidence against him. On the breaking out of hostilities between France and Germany in 1870, he enlisted at Havre on the French side in a company of Franc Tireurs, 400 out of 500 of whom perished throughout the period of the war. Forrester fought in several battles, and received a saber wound on the arm at Le Mans. Toward the close of the campaign he was gazetted lieutenant and was awarded a gold medal for his services on the field.

Returning to England, he was appointed organizer and arms agent for the Fenian organization. While traveling in this capacity in the north of England, he met with a railway accident which cost him the loss of his right foot. He then retired from active life, becoming proof reader on the staff of the *Irish Times*, Dublin. In 1873, some years before he began to fill this position he was married in Rathmine's Catholic church, Dublin, to Miss Jane MacMahon, a fascinating and talented little lady from the city of the Violated Treaty, who has been ever since the poet's loyal and devoted companion and helpmate. Mr. Forrester came to this country in April, 1883, and secured a position on the editorial staff of the *Irish World* in New York. In 1887 he proceeded to Boston, where he has since continued to reside, and where he fills the important post of leading proof reader in the office of the Boston *Herald*.

His "Irish Crazy Quilt" is a most interesting collection of short Irish tales and poems, published by Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin street, Boston, and won the encomiums of such representative periodicals as the Philadelphia *Ledger*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, the New York *Nation*, the Boston *Pilot*, *United Ireland* and the Scranton *Truth*. Mr. Forrester's poetry is either patriotic or humorous. His pen, like his life, has been devoted to the cause of Ireland; while in his lighter moods he can amuse and entertain in a manner worthy of the best of Irish wits. The smile and the tear alternate in his writings as they do in the history and literature of the land that gave him birth.

THE famous, or rather the infamous Green street court-house of Dublin is now a relic of the past. Last month it was closed for ever owing to its delapidated and unsavory condition. No Irishman will shed tears of regret over the disappearance of an edifice which for over a century was a kind of judicial shambles where the best and bravest of our race were virtually led to the slaughter. Still its old dock is, so to speak, as historically sacred as is the dungeon of Chillon; for it was within its precincts that Robert Emmet made his remarkable speech, and where successive generations of Irish patriots hurled defiance at the enemies and arch-oppressors of their race.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

AS THE CITIZEN goes to press on the evening of the 17th of March, it cannot furnish its readers with any reports of the celebrations that take place on that eventful day. It is well aware, however, that Ireland's religious anniversary is being appropriately honored by the Irish race all the world over. St. Patrick's Day is a time-honored anniversary. For the past hundred years it has been one of the red letter days of our calendar—one in which Irishmen forget their differences as sons of a common motherland. On this occasion THE CITIZEN hopes that the lesson of the necessity of unity will be taken to heart more enthusiastically and be put into practice with more effect than ever; for it should never be forgotten that a union of Irish hands is essential to the realization of Ireland's hopes of independence.

AN organization, known as the Irish National Federation of America, is, it seems, collecting funds for the McCarthyite wing of the Irish party. THE CITIZEN trusts that no really patriotic Irishman will give one cent to the emissaries of such a body. Irish-Americans would be stultifying themselves as well as helping on the cause of dissension in Ireland by rendering any financial help to Mr. McCarthy and his friends.

MR. BALFOUR is continuing to display a very asinine attitude in his leadership of the British house of commons. The flippant manner, in which he ignored a very pertinent query put him by Mr. William Redmond, proves that though he may be a scholar and philosopher, the ex-chief secretary can be a boor and a *gamin* as well.

A REMARKABLE bust of the late Mr. Parnell has just been completed by Miss Grant, the niece of the late president of the Royal Academy of London. It is an admirable likeness of the great statesman. Apropos of Mr. Parnell, it may be added that his beautiful estate at Avondale will be put up for sale very shortly. Mr. Campbell, M.P., is carrying out all the preliminary arrangements.

BALFOUR'S Local Government bill is one of the legislative fiascos of the age. It is a prodigy of patchwork fraud, decrepit dullness, soft sawder, and stupidity.

ST. DAVID'S DAY, the Welsh National anniversary, was celebrated this year with more eclat than ever. The Welsh are growing yearly more intensely national, owing to the contemptuous treatment of their representatives in Westminster. God speed the Cymric tribes! "'Cymric rule and Cymric rulers'—pass along the word!"

THERE is evidently a hearty revival of Irish nationality going on within the precincts of Trinity College, Dublin. Quite recently the Senate of that establishment conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. on Lord Mayor Meade, who is, and has always been, a staunch Nationalist, and a warm supporter of the late Mr. Parnell. It is a significant sign of the times that the Nationalist mayor was cheered to the echo by the students of old Trinity on the occasion of his signing the college roll.

AND the cry unfortunately is: "Still they go!" Yes, and going, too, with a vengeance! According to recent Irish county statistics Clare has lost 132,000 people during the past forty years. In the last decade its loss amounted to 32,000. The population of Kerry has diminished in the same period by 10 per cent. In the latter county there are 35 per cent of the inhabitants illiterate, and but 10 per cent who can read only. Ignorance and emigration are playing sad havoc with the old land.

SECRETARY FOSTER'S allusion to "clam-mouthed Irishmen" was as uncalled for as it was unjust. Irishmen, Mr. Secretary, have nothing in common with clams. Clams are notoriously silent while Irishmen, generally speaking, have not only thoughts in their heads, but are ever willing and able to express them. It is, moreover, nothing short of bunkum to assert or insinuate that every Irishman coming to this country has to go through a course of American assimilation by having his rough edges filed off. Thousands of young Irishmen, who are as well up in the amenities of society as the Secretary himself, throng the emigrant ships on their way annually to this country. Mr. Foster's general laudation of our race in America prompts THE CITIZEN, however, to forgive him for his unfortunate clam-mouthed absurdity.

"LET us beat a fleet retreat, and confusion take the hindmost!" seems to be the war cry of the English Tories. They are fast becoming a ragged and demoralized army. The conquest of Ireland has yet to be recommenced. Who comes next?

OLD Salisbury is likely to lose his bearings on the Bering strait question. Harrison is not the man to bear up very long with the British braggart's braggadocio.

ORIGIN OF THE BOYCOTT.

Mr. John Maguire, of Butte, Montana, Furnishes Conclusive Evidence That it is an American Institution,

And One of the Most Potent Factors Which Led Up to the Glorious Achievement of Our Independence.

(*Butte (Mont) Daily Miner, March 3*

BUTTE, March 2.—[*Editor of the Miner*]: In your issue of Monday last in the sermon of the Rev. Dr. Groeneveld he states that the boycott is of "foreign importation," and defines it as "the most withering and outrageous despotism that has ever shown itself anywhere. It is an insolent proclamation of the right to organize in society a blockade of all its avenues, and puts an embargo on life itself. It creates classes and arrays one against the other." The reverend gentleman "entered his emphatic protest against the boycott as un American, coarse and brutal."

Having neither the time nor inclination to enter into any controversy respecting the merits or demerits of the "boycott," I feel impelled in justice to all foreign-born citizens, who are accused of introducing this most "withering and outrageous despotism" that the odium, whatever there is, do not apply to any "foreign importation." The imputation must rest with their accusers.

A boycott, the greatest in history, the grandest in its results, was introduced by the American colonies and was one of the most potent factors which led up to the glorious achievement of American independence. By consulting "Niles' Principles and Acts of the Revolution" (which, by the way, he dedicates to the "oppressed of all nations") the reader will find a full account of a meeting held at Annapolis, June 29, 1769, in the Province of Maryland, which states: "Several of the counties having before entered into resolutions of non-importation of British superfluities and the province in general being invited by the people of 'Anne Arundel' county to request some gentlemen from each county to meet at this place on the 20th inst., in order that a general resolution of non-importation might be formed. There was accordingly a very full meeting, at which the following resolutions were entered into, and it was agreed that twelve copies should be printed and transmitted to each county to be signed by the people, which it is expected will be done with great readiness throughout the province." Such is the synopsis heading the report of this celebrated meeting.

There is a long preamble leading up to the resolutions which ends in the following sentence: "That we have thought it necessary to unite, as nearly as our circumstances will admit, and, therefore, do hereby agree and bind ourselves to and with each other by all the ties and obligations of honor and reputation that we will strictly and faithfully observe and conform to the following resolutions:" Here follows a series of nine resolutions, the first being a resolution not to import, directly or indirectly, or cause to be imported, any manner of goods, merchandise or manufacture, which, or shall be hereafter taxed by any act of parliament for the purpose of raising a revenue in America, etc.

Secondly, That we will not hereafter, directly or indirectly, during the continuance of the aforesaid act of parliament, import or cause to be imported from Great Britain or any other part of Europe (except such articles of the produce or the manufacture of Ireland) and also except all such goods as orders have been already sent for. Here follows a long list of boycotted merchandise.

I pass the third and fourth resolutions, which merely reiterated the tenor of the second, and now give the fifth, which is as follows:

Fifthly, That we will not directly or indirectly purchase, take up or receive, on any terms or condition whatever, any of the goods enumerated in the second resolution that shall or may be imported into this province contrary to the intent and design of these resolutions by any person whatever, or consigned to any factory, agent, manager or storekeeper here, by any person residing in Great Britain, and if any such goods be imported we will not upon any consideration whatever rent or sell to or permit any way to be made use of by any such importer, his agent, factor, manager or storekeeper, or any person on his or their behalf, any sto choose, or other house, or any kind of place whatever belonging to us, respectively, for exposing to sale or even securing any such goods, nor will we suffer any such to be put on shore on our respective properties.

The sixth resolution is about a continuation of the above.

The seventh resolution declares that they will not receive any of the goods enumerated from other colonies unless a certified statement, signed by reputable merchants, that such goods were not imported after the time specified in the preamble, and concludes as follows: "and that we will not purchase, take up or receive on any terms or conditions whatever after the expiration of six months from the date hereof, from any colony or province aforesaid, any of the said enumerated articles which have been or shall be imported from Great Britain

Lastly—That if any person or persons whatever shall oppose or contravene the above resolutions, or act in opposition to the true spirit and design thereof, we will consider him or them as enemies to the liberties of America.

In the city of New York, Nov. 29, 1773, a similar organization was formed for a similar purpose and on a similar basis as the one at Annapolis. Resolutions were passed.

The third says: *Resolved*, Whoever shall sell or buy or in any manner contribute to the sale or purchase of the proscribed articles or shall aid or abet in transporting by land or water from this city until the seventh George III., commonly called the revenue act, shall be totally and clearly repealed, he shall be deemed an enemy to the liberties of America.

Fifth—*Resolved*, That whoever shall transgress any of these resolutions, we will not deal with or employ or have any connection with him.

In the city of Williamsburg, in the colony and dominion of Virginia, on the 1st day of August, in the year of our Lord 1774, and continued by several adjournments to Saturday, the 8th of the said month, the following association was unanimously resolved upon and agreed to the usual preamble stating the causes, precedes the resolutions: Among other things stated by the speaker is the following significant paragraph: "If, by the measures adopted, some unhappy consequences and inconveniences should be derived to our fellow subjects, whom we wish not to injure in the smallest degree, we hope and flatter ourselves that they will impute them to their real cause—the hard necessity to which we are driven;" and further on, "We have unanimously and with one voice entered into the following resolutions and association, which we do oblige ourselves by those sacred ties of honor and love to our country, strictly to observe, and further declare before God and the world that we will religiously adhere to and keep the same inviolate in every particular.

The first seven resolutions are about the same as those passed at other meetings of the kind, except one:

"Secondly—We will neither ourselves import nor purchase any slave, or slaves imported by any person after the 1st day of November next, either from Africa, the West Indies or any other place."

In the fifth resolution the following occurs:

"And that this resolution may be the more effectually carried into execution, we do hereby recommend it to the inhabitants of this colony to refrain from the cultivation of tobacco as much as conveniently may be."

I give the eighth and ninth resolutions in extenso:

Eighthly—In order the better to distinguish such worthy merchants and traders who are well wishers to this colony from those who, through motive of self interest to obstruct our views, we do hereby resolve that we will not, after the 1st day of November next, deal with any merchant or trader who will not sign this association, nor until he hath obtained a certificate of his having done so from the county committee or any three members thereof. And if any merchant, trader or other person shall import any goods or merchandise after the 1st day of November, contrary to this association, we give it as our opinion that such goods and merchandise should be either forthwith re-shipped or delivered up to the county committee, to be stored at the risk of the importer unless such importer shall give a proper assurance to the committee that such goods or merchandise shall not be sold within this colony during the continuance of this association; and if such importer shall refuse to comply with one or the other of these terms, upon application, and due caution given to him or her by the said committee, or any three members thereof, such committee is required to publish the truth of the case in the gazettes, and in the county where he or she resides and we will thereafter consider such person or persons as inimical to this country, and break off every connection and all dealings with them.

Ninthly—*Resolved*, That if any person or persons shall export tobacco or any other commodity to Great Britain after the 10th day of August, 1775, contrary to this association, we shall hold ourselves obliged to consider such person or persons as inimical to the community and as an approver of American grievances, and give it as our opinion that the public should be advertised of his conduct as in the eighth article is directed.

There were twelve resolutions passed at this meeting, and among the 146 signatures attached I find George Washington, Patrick Henry, Jr., Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas M. Randolph, John Bowdoin and other historical American names.

I believe I have quoted sufficiently to prove my assertion that the boycott is not a foreign importation; on the contrary, it had its origin in this country in the "genius of America," and there was a time when a "man or a set of men" assumed the right to interfere with any person when he is lawfully pursuing or enjoying these privileges guaranteed to him by the fundamental law of the land.

Yet all this and more was done contrary to "the law of the land" by the noblest and truest patriotic sons of America that ever breathed. And no doubt in my mind whatever that the actions of those men in those days were stigmatized from pulpits and platforms as an "insolent proclamation of the right to organize in society a blockade of all its avenues." What a blessing for all time that the "elements of conspiracy" were there to stay until "the force and fury" of that plot did not expend themselves until liberty was born and the foundation laid broad and deep enough to sustain for all time the grandest nation that ever came into existence since God said, "Let there be light."

The sentiment of the patriots in those trying days was by paraphrasing a sentence from the reverend doctor's discourse, "Americans have done much for law. It now remains to be seen whether they will do as much for liberty." I agree with the reverend gentleman when he says that "It is the province of America to lead Europe and not to be led by Europe." America did show a great example to Europe in illustrating how effecting is the boycott. For I find the first allusion to the system we now call the boycott in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1734, published in London, headed "Irish Affairs," "Dub in, June 21, Saturday Se'nnight a number of persons about 7 o'clock in the morning assembled in a riotous manner before the house of Mr Alex Clarke, master tailor, and eight or nine of them, having forcibly entered, they stripped him quite naked and with a brush besmeared him with tar, assigning as their reason that he was an importer of English cloth. A proclamation has since been issued for apprehending the ring leaders. Dublin, July 6—The high sheriffs waited on his grace the lord lieutenant, with the petition of the aggregate body of the city of Dublin to his majesty, requesting his excellency that he would be pleased to transmit the same. He returned the following answer:

"Gentlemen, at the same time I comply with your request I shall not fail to convey my entire disapprobation of the contents as casting unjust reflections on the laws of the land and parliament of Ireland and tending to weaken both." That Ireland had the system of ostracism introduced at that particular time is clearly evident, for as Koko says, they made "the punishment fit the crime." Tar and feathering was a peculiarly American institution in early days. he punishment was inflicted on people who had committed offenses through which individuals and sometimes communities were outraged. The imposed punishment was in all cases executed in defiance of the law of the land. In the turmoil preceding the immediate outbreak of the revolutionary war, traitors to the American cause were often decked out in tar and feathers. When the associations were formed among the American colonies for the ostracism of English goods and of individuals who sympathized with English there were certainly several Irish agitators, and seeing how beautifully the system worked in America, they gave a "straight tip" to their brother agitators in Ireland. I have no doubt also but the Irish-Americans furnished the Irish agitators with money to enable them the more successfully to carry out their ideas.

I find that in an assemblage of delegates from all the colonies representing the various societies the historian says the venerable William Thompson, an Irishman, was by acclamation chosen secretary. This same William Thompson it was who had the honor of first reading the declaration of independence, when the liberty bell rang out the signal to the assembled populace that the American nation was born, there were other Irish who signed the declaration of independence, that gospel of liberty, notably Carrol of Carrolton, who, knowing that failure of their measure would end in death, in order that no other one of his name should ever be suspected of his act, he wrote "Carol of Carolton." It is, indeed, reasonable to suppose that some other Irish sent money out of the country to bring over those patriotic agitators. When Washington was fighting for freedom on land, how nobly was his efforts seconded by the gallant Col. Sullivan, history tells. Montgomery, in the Canadas, and who died on Quebec walls, harrassed the English enemy, and the brave young Irish general's memory is revered by every true American. Barry, with his ship "The Hibernia," captured many English vessels and giving thereby inestimable aid to the American patriots, was an Irishman; and there is no question but that, when an opportunity offered itself, he sent money home to Ireland to aid his poor relatives and give them hope for the land of their birth and faith in the land of their adoption.

Bunker Hill of glorious memory. The records of those who fell with Warren, which can be seen at the old state house in Boston, tell how largely his corps was composed of Irish, and Capt. Woodworth, the father of the poet, relates how an Irish soldier, Murphy McCullough, attempted to take Warren's dead body away, in the following words: "My poor Irish soldier, acting from a sentiment that should immortalize his name, now declared that the British should never have his captain alive or dead. He sought among the breathless forms for one he loved, and at last recognized the object of his search among a heap of human bodies, which some resolute soldiers, where the breast-works happened to be too high, had piled up to stand on." By this time the little auditors were in tears and even Warren was awhile forgotten in admiration of the fidelity of the Irish soldier. And yet they sent money to Ireland. From Versailles, France, Oct. 4, 1778, Benjamin Franklin issued an address "To the good people of Ireland," in which he says: "The misery and distress which your ill-fated country has been so frequently exposed to and has so often experienced by such a combination of rapine, treachery and violence as would have disgraced the name of government in the most arbitrary country in the world has most sincerely affected your friends in America." Again he says: "We congratulate you, however, on the bright prospect which the western hemisphere has afforded you and the oppressed of every nation, and we trust that the liberation of your country has been effected in America, and that you never will be called on for those painful, though necessary, exertions which the sacred love of liberty inspires, and which have enabled us to establish our freedom forever. I have retained the most perfect good will and esteem for the people of Ireland and am, with every sentiment of respect, their obedient and humble servant, Benjamin Franklin." And yet the Irish were sending money to Ireland in those days, and, if the amount can be approximated, I would respectfully ask the figures of the Chinese remittances for the same time.

At New Orleans in 1812 there was a little rumpus, or, rather, "the same thing over again." "England, you know" wanted to do a little boycott of its own. It did not, however, succeed, as there was an Irishman there named Jackson, "and by his side the Jasper Greens." History tells the result. They were Irish and surely sent money to Ireland then, and there was not that paragon of neatness, a Chinese wash-house, in the land.

It is, indeed, unnecessary to illustrate any further how malodorous and odious as all comparisons are said to be, but none more so than the gentleman's when he brings any Caucasian in juxtaposition with the Mongolian. I started out to prove the assertion that Rev. Dr. Groeneveld was incorrect in his statement that the boycott is a foreign importation. I have done so. That the boycott in this case of Ireland and America has a complished great things is undisputed. In both cases it was, indeed, an illustration of the saying that "desperate diseases require desperate remedies."

That this mighty engine of power might be abused, as well as used, is a subject the political economists of the time had better give attention to. The same medicine will not apply for the curing of all complaints. This is a matter on which our political doctors might, with advantage to the body politic, devote some time for consultation. The boycott is not of yesterday or of a century ago. History proves that it was justifiable when the oppressed had no other effective weapon with which to break the bonds of the oppressor. In such cases surely "the end justifies the means." Unless in such extremes as when no other mode can be effective in curbing "man's inhumanity to man" should it be resorted to. The thousand and one ills that constitute man's inhumanity to man is too deep a subject for yours respectfully, JOHN MAGUIRE.

GAELIC CLASS REVIVED.

Patriotism and love of learning has impelled a large number of Irishmen of this city to form a new class for the study of the Gaelic language. Last Sunday afternoon they met in Judge Scales court-room. Among those present were Maurice O'[illegible], John O'Donohue, William Raleigh, [illegible] King, Thomas King, Michael Hogan, [illegible] Flannagan, John Bowler, E. F. Conway, John Patterson, Richard Coleman, James Dunn and C. O'Gallagher. The club was fortunate enough to receive a visit from an eminent Gaelic philologist, Mr. T. O'N. Russell, of New York city, a member of the Gaelic Club of that city. "The Gaelic language," said Mr. Russell, "is one of six Indo-Germanic tongues. It is not an unreasonable hypothesis to suppose that it reached Ireland through the Phœnicians, but of this nothing definite can be asserted at present. Of the ancient rise of the Gaelic some idea can be had from consideration of the fact that its only word for August is 'Lughnasa,' which means the games of Louis'; and that the month was named so by Lughadh, an Irish king who reigned about 1400 B C. Gaelic was the language of Ireland from time immemorial to about 1795, and then only in the cities of Dublin and Belfast had English entirely superceded the original language. The literature of Ireland is extremely rich and voluminous despite the ravages of war, and the oppressions of the English. The 'Book of Leinster' alone is twenty-four times as voluminous as the works of Beowulf and it comes down from the eleventh century. The chief treasure of the language, however, is the untranslated epic of the first century, B. C., the 'Tain Bo Cualigne,' the cattle-spoil of Cooley. In this work the vigor and poetry of the Celtic literature is preserved. Prof. Ernst Windisch, of Leipsic, declares that of all medieval literatures the Gaelic is most valuable because it is the only one not affected by classicism and because it is cognate with the other Indo European tongues, greatly facilitating the study of them, especially of Sanscrit."

The meeting was devoted to preliminary readings in primers. The system of study has not been decided upon. The class will meet every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock in Judge Scales' court-room, third floor of the court-house. Entrance by Public Library elevator to the hall.

The Best Authorities,

Such as Dr. Dio Lewis, Prof. Gross, and others, agree that catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It therefore requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently cures catarrh.

His Name a Household Word.

Joseph Murphy, one of the foremost of the Irish comedians on the stage, will finish his last week at Hooley's commencing Sunday, March 20. No actor of the present age has brought so much pleasure to thousands of hearts as Joseph Murphy, and his name is a household word from one extreme of the country to the other. There are those who never see the inside of a theatre except on the occasions of Joseph Murphy's appearance, and the delight they experience is satisfaction enough for a year. Mr. Murphy comes well supported and will, as he always does, test the capacity of the house during the last week of his engagement.

Baldness ought not to come till the age of 55 or later. If the hair begins to fall earlier, use Hall's Hair Renewer and prevent baldness and grayness.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

ON ARNO'S BANKS.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

On Arno's sheet of living, rippling blue
The sun shines warmly down; and Cascine's wood
Looks like a frescoed aisle. Sweet zephyrs woo
Each dainty rose and blossomed eglantine,
Where half in gloom and half in golden sheen
The shade and light play on the grasses green,
And birdies sing in choruses divine.

Here life in the dear languid summer days
Is one long concert of unending joy—
A home of love—a sanctuary of bliss—
A gorgeous dream meet for a poet's praise,
Rich with a gold that knows no base alloy,
And sweet as an inamorata's kiss!

IRISH NEWS.

The Dublin tailors who have been on strike for some time returned to work pending arbitration.

A notice has been issued stating that the system of telegraph money orders (inland), which has hitherto been in operation only at head and branch offices, will be extended to all post offices in the United Kingdom at which telegraph and money order business is transacted.

The members of the Belfast Typographical Society have obtained an advance in their scale of prices, and also a reduction in their working hours.

The Naval Reserve Armory just outside Galway, was broken into, and its contents, consisting of twenty-three Martini-Henry rifles and seventeen cutlasses, were stolen.

A moonlight outrage was perpetrated at Knockscovane, near Meelin, county Cork, on Saturday night, Feb. 27. A disguised party, partly armed, visited the house of a farmer named Brosnan, and beat him unmercifully with sticks. In shielding her husband, Mrs. Brosnan received some rough usage.

The parcels department of the postoffice has become so important that the government have found it necessary to build a large parcels post depot in Amiens street, Dublin, at a cost of £15,000. The contract for the erection of the building has been given to Mr. Samuel Worthington.

A football match between the Green Flags (Bonane) and the Kilgarvan boys was played in Mr. Maurice O'Sullivan's field, Shaheny, very near historic Callan. The Flags won the toss for sides, and played a plucky, connected game throughout, though walking some seven or eight miles before playing. At the final the score was two goals and four points for Flags to *nil* for Kilgarvan. The match was quiet and very good humored.

During the recent severe snow storm which visited Ireland all intercourse to villages was made impassable. In every sheltered nook and angle the snow made its way; roads which were sheltered caught and held the snow. In places it reached a height of about five feet, and impeded the course of all vehicles, and even the trains. Vans which conveyed to villages the necessaries of life could not proceed to the different places, and many persons were unable to procure even the staple commodity of life. The effects of the snow storm were still sadder, as it was the means of the losing of several lives, as persons who were caught in the snow became exhausted, and at length expired from its effects.

The Ballinrobe railway will be ready for operation on April 1.

A farmer named Henry Walsh, residing at a place called Derrivrin, near Abbeydorney, was found dead in the snow on Saturday, Feb. 21, in a field about 200 yards from his own house.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty has completed arrangements for the founding of a home in charge of the Nazareth nuns in Derry. The money required for this most desirable object is derived principally from the bequest of the late Mrs. Watters, *nee* McNulty, a Derry lady. His lordship has purchased a valuable property in the neighborhood of St. Columb's college, and the sisters are at present in occupation.

Mr. James Power (Mathias), of Coxtown farm, Dunmore East, a well known and respected man, died at his residence at the advanced age of 87. His remains were interred at Killea.

The Gaelic championships, which were fought out Feb. 28, at Clonturk, says the *Daily Independent*, attracted a vast crowd of Dublin citizens. The occasion was exceptionally interesting, inasmuch as the final ties for the Hurling championship of Ireland were to be decided between the famous Crossabeg team, representing Wexford and Leinster, on the one hand, and the Ballyduff (county Kerry) men, the champions of Munster, on the other. On previous occasions the Wexford men were afforded opportunities of attracting the attention of the Dublin Gaels by their vigorous style of play, but this was the first time that a Kerry team traveled to Dublin to assert the prowess and dexterity of their own particular kingdom. In the event Kerry won, and won well, after a desperate struggle, which reflected infinite credit upon victors and vanquished. In the football competition, the "Young Ireland" team of Dublin having beaten the Cavan "Slashers" in the morning—they being the champions of their respective provinces—met the Cork (Clondrohid) men—the champions of Munster, in the final tie, and after a grand tussle for superiority won, but not by much. Though they showed evident traces of the fatigue that was consequent upon their severe trial with the "Slashers," their superiority in tact and judgment pulled them through. The arrangements were under the charge of the Central Council, and the good order that prevailed must be a source of satisfaction to that body, and to all sympathizers with the Gaelic movement.

During a severe thunder storm the Tramore Catholic church was struck by lightning, which did considerable damage, the fluid passing down the conductor and making a rent in the wall, which was three feet in width, driving the stones with terrific force into the church.

His grace, the archbishop of Dublin, visited Arklow on Feb. 28, for the purpose of laying the foundation stone of St. Michael's convent schools, Arklow, which are to be built at a cost of £1,700, of which the government will supply £1,100, the remainder to be procured by the public subscription.

On her way to a neighbor's house, a midwife named Connell, residing at Prehus, in the parish of Kilnamarters, near Macroom, was overtaken by the storm on the 20th ult., and was found dead on the roadside about half a mile from her residence late in the evening. Deceased was over 70 years of age and a widow.

A man named Patrick Durkin is at present in Sligo jail, having been brought on a charge of murdering his wife at Cloonbre, near Easky, in a remote part of the county Sligo, by cutting her throat from ear to ear. The accused made no statement, and was remanded to the ensuing Easky petty sessions.

An old man named James Reilly, Ballyteague, Naas, was burned to death in his house on Saturday night, Feb. 27. The house itself was reduced to ashes.

The number of persons in the county Clare, according to the census, was: In 1841 286,394; in 1851, 212,440; in 1861, 166,305; in 1871, 147,864; in 1881, 141,457; and according to the recent census, 1891, 124,483 (63,138 males and 61,345 females); or 12.0 per cent less than 1881. The number of distinct families in the county at the time of the late enumeration was 22,880, the average number of persons in a family being thus 5.3; and the number of inhabited houses was 22,263, showing an average of 5.5 persons in each house. Of the total population of the county in 1891, 98.0 per cent were Roman Catholics; 1.8 per cent Protestant Episcopalians, 0.1 per cent Presbyterians, and 0.1 per cent Methodists. The number of births registered during the ten years ending March 31, 1891, being 28,492, and the number of deaths 19,941, a natural increase of 8,551 would appear to have taken place in the population; but the emigrants, during the same period, having amounted to 33,421, the net result shows by this method of calculation is a decrease of 25,370.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

(*To the Editor.*)

CHICAGO, March 12.—For the purpose of booming Gaelic sports during the coming season, and of creating a greater interest in our oldest and manliest of all exercises, viz: Hurling, the Inniskfail Athletic club issued through the press, a general challenge to all Gaelic athletic clubs in the city or state, to compete for a trophy, representing the hurling championship of Illinois, and I am happy to announce that the Davitt club has taken up the gauntlet, and arrangements are being perfected for a contest between those two crack hurling teams to take place at as early a date as weather conditions will permit, and suitable grounds can be obtained.

The Davitts have suggested that the prize be twenty-one gold medals, to be awarded to the twenty-one members of the winning team; which proposition is entirely satisfactory to the Inniskfails, provided the medals be of sufficient value to make the event of paramount interest to the lovers of athletics among our fellow countrymen in Chicago. When the representatives of both clubs come together in conference, I haven't the least doubt but what all the details of the match will be satisfactorily arranged, and an additional programme of events, such as running, jumping, weight-throwing, tug-of-war, etc., will be provided for, so as to insure a large attendance of our people and make successful the efforts of those who are endeavoring to foster a love of Gaelic sport in this community.

It seems to me that notices of all Gaelic events should be sent for publication to THE CITIZEN, that being the acknowledged organ of the Irish race, and the only means by which those who are expected to patronize our sports can be reached, their interest awakened, and aid and co-operation secured.

I conclude by hoping that the coming summer will herald a tremendous boom in Gaelic sporting affairs, which will redound to the credit of our gallant race, and will incidentally be of immense benefit to that cause, for the advancement of which all Irish Nationalists are organized.

PATRICK COGHLAN,
Inniskfails.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Map of the United States.

A large, handsome map of the United States, mounted, and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of twelve cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C B & Q R R, Chicago, Ill.

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ACT IV—THE BOGS CLEARED AWAY!

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GRAY DAWN.

Gray dawn peeps in and sweetly smiles:
A light breeze, sweeping down the stream,
Lifts high the fog in snowy piles;
The sun's first burning lances gleam
Along the pebbled river banks,
And misty hosts in mad retreat
Withdraw their broken, scattered ranks.
The bold sun marks their sad defeat
And dissipates their struggling flanks.

Gray dawn gives place to ruddy day;
The great sun swings through azure skies,
And skimming, where the ripples play,
The screaming fishhawks fall and rise.
The glassy water, cool and clear,
Reflects one solitary cloud,
And morning song birds, far and near,
Repeat their matins shrill and loud,
"The night is done and day is here."
—Exchange.

"GO TO THE MILLS."

Eight years ago I was foreman in the Guilford powder works.

It was a dangerous situation, and not altogether as pleasant as it might have been. But the salary was larger than I could obtain in any other place just then, and this, to a man with an invalid mother and a little sister to support, was no mean object. Besides I hoped at no very distant day to have a home of my own, presided over by the girl of my choice—beautiful Marion Ware. This dream of happiness in the future made me better contented with my life. I was willing to work for a competence that she would share with me.

We were to be married in November, and as the time drew near an intense desire seized me to escape from the momentous, dangerous existence I led in the mills. A few weeks would make no difference to my employers, I thought, and so when I gave my notice to leave I gave it for the 14th of September instead of November, as I had first intended.

My employers were very sorry to part with me, and they offered to raise my salary, but I had decided and was not to be turned from my decision. The last day of my stay passed quietly enough, and at night I left the dark buildings behind me with a thrill of relief.

That was a happy evening. Marion had been spending the afternoon with my mother, and I had walked home with her, and it was near midnight when I got home. Soon after I fell asleep, but my rest was troubled. I supposed I must have been dreaming, but it seemed a vivid reality to me then.

I was standing in the thick forest which surrounded the works, at the very point where the path to the village diverged and led it over the hill and through the field to the mills. It was in a wild, dreary path, for it was necessary that the mills should be removed as far from any human habitation as possible, and there was no more fitting spot than the "valley of despair" for miles around. There was a struggle in my mind; I thought I could not decide which path to take—the one leading into the distant village or the old accustomed one to the mills. While I was sitting I heard a voice, clear, solemn and strong, that seemed to come from the ends of the earth, and it said:

"Go to the mills! Your work is not yet finished."

I awoke. The moon was shining coldly in at the window, the great arms of the elms moved slowly to and fro in the night wind, and a lonely cricket chirped in the wainscot. I lay down again, thinking of little but my dream, save to rejoice it was only a dream, and shortly after fell asleep.

Again was that vision repeated with singular minuteness, circumstance for circumstance, and again I awoke. I thought it extremely remarkable that I should dream twice on the same matter, but explained it to myself that I had been thinking so much of my departure from the mills. It was a coincidence, nothing more, I said, and turning over I soon lost my consciousness.

For the third time that haunted dream visited me, and this repetition was almost frightfully vivid. Everything about it bore so strongly the semblance of reality that I started up covered with cold perspiration.

The moon had gone down, the dawn was breaking in the east cold and gray. I am not superstitious, and I will confess that an involuntary shudder swept over me when I recollected what I had passed. I tried to shake off the spell that was on my spirit, but in vain; it was as if I had walked world lost to all humanity forever.

I rose, and dressing myself went down to work in the garden. I was restless and uneasy, laboring under a consciousness of some duty unfulfilled.

At last I put down my hoe and went into the house. I put on my mill clothes and sought my mother. She looked up in surprise as I said:

"Mother, I am going to the mills."

"Indeed! I had hoped you were done going there, Edward. Yesterday was the 14th, was it not?"

"Yes; but I feel obliged to go today. My work is not yet done; it will be finished soon, I think."

I kissed her and went out. At the door of the grinding mill I met Mr. Morton, the senior proprietor. He grasped my hand eagerly.

"Ah, Green, glad to see you! What's this I hear about your leaving us? Lincoln was speaking about it last night. Why, we couldn't part with you at all."

"I did give notice to leave last night, and intended yesterday for my last day in the mill; but circumstances have decided me to remain some time longer—a month, perhaps."

"Right; only you must set no time."

"Thank you; I will think of it," I said, and went on with my duties as usual.

Everything went quietly on in its accustomed routine. I began to smile at the absurdity of my last night's vision. "I had eaten too much supper; staid out too long whispering soft nothings to Marion," I said to myself.

Toward night a party of visitors arrived. Such things were frequent, Newark was somewhat of a summer resort for city people, and a sojourn there was not complete without a visit to the powder mills.

I went out to meet this party and to assist them in changing their shoes and garments that might have buttons of any metallic substance, for it was one of the cardinal regulations that no person should be allowed in the interior mills who had a particle of metal about them, or nails in their shoes, for the fear of combustion by friction.

Our visitors were two gentlemen and three ladies. The two elder ladies I did not notice particularly, but the younger one attracted me in spite of myself. Why, I didn't know. She was not really beautiful—my marion was much more brilliant—but there was something about her better than beauty.

The gay company, laughing and joking, and bantering each other in regard to their fear, followed me in. The lady in blue walked quietly by my side, saying very little, barely replying to the lively sallies of her companions—perhaps she thought it ill timed mirth; I don't know.

We had been all the rounds and had returned to the reception room, next to the drying room, at one end of the main building. This apartment overhung the pond, from whence came our supply of water, the basin of which was formed of a large dark gorge in the hollow of the wooded hills. There was a large swinging door opening from the room directly over the pond for the convenience of casting out rubbish, and this door I threw open for the visitors to obtain a view of the prospect beyond. They soon tired of this, all but the lady in blue, who still stood looking out over the dreary scene, lighted by the departing rays of the lurid sun.

Suddenly I heard a low, ominous hiss from the adjoining apartment, a sound which once heard is always remembered; my blood turned to ice in my veins.

I recognized my fate—in another second's time we should be in eternity.

I snatched the woman by my side and plunged through the gaping doorway. Simultaneously a deafening roar burst upon my head—a crash, as if the globe was rent—ten thousand cannons were discharged in my ears—the blood flowed from my eyes and nose—the air was black with missiles, which reached the water only a little later than we did. Down, down we went, it seemed, to an interminable depth, but that plunge saved us.

When we came up everything was still. A deathly silence had fallen on all nature—the place reeked with a suffocating smoke, rolling up from the ruins, dumb as the vapor of death.

I swam to the shore with my companion and supported her up the bank. She was not unconscious. Her dress was drenched with blood. I lifted my arm to seek the wound, and saw that the crimson tide flowed not from her viens, but from the mutilated stump where once belonged my own right hand. It had been blown off.

I went home as one in a walking dream. I remember very little of it except that the lady in blue was with me, that she talked soothingly to me in a sweet voice, and that afterward, when I suffered untold agonies from some sharp instrument, she stood by me with words of gentle rest and peace; after that, all was blank.

There was a little snow on the hills that I could see from the window. When I awoke to consciousness I spoke my first thought, "Where is Marion?" Mother tried to put me off with an evasive answer, but I would know the whole truth. She told it to me with great reluctance. Marion had not been to see me since the day of the accident, and then at the sight of me she uttered a shriek of horror and fled from the room.

"But has she sent no message?"

"There is a note, but you must not read it till you are better. You have been eight weeks delirious, and the excitement may be fatal."

"Give me the letter," I said, with all my stern self will in my voice. "If not, I will get up and seek it myself."

She brought it to me, the delicate, rose perfumed thing, no more heartless than she who dictated it. It was elegantly got up altogether.

Miss Ware sympathized with me deeply—hoped and trusted I would be restored to health, etc., and ended in releasing me from my engagement. She prayed I might be granted resignation, and closed in saying she was my most sincere and attached friend.

I crushed this scroll in my hand. I would have ground it to powder—annihilated its very dust from the face of the earth if I could. I didn't mean to curse Marion Ware, but I am not sure that I did. It would not be strange.

Every day there was a fresh bouquet of hothouse flowers on the little stand by the bedside. After awhile I began to feel curious about them. I asked my mother where they came from.

"Miss Gaylord sent them."

"Miss Gaylord? I know no such person."

"The young lady you saved from the explosion with you. She is a Miss Adele Gaylord, of Trenton, and to her you owe an everlasting debt of gratitude, Edward. I often think she saved your life, for when you raved in delirium and would have torn off the bandages from your head when the surgeon had trepanned your wound, she alone had the power to quiet you. Why, when you were at the worst she stood over you three days and nights without sleeping, never complaining, never getting out of patience with your moods. She is an angel!"

Miss Gaylord called in several times during the next three weeks. How beautiful she was to me now.

By the 1st of December I was able to sit up most of the time and go out some.

One clear starlight night my mother left me alone for the first time during my illness; she and my little sister Effie went to a Sabbath school concert in the village. I brightened the fire on the hearth, drew up a great armchair and sat down to a quiet hour of dreaming. The music of sleigh bells aroused me. The music ceased for a moment, then passed down the road. The door opened softly and Adele Gaylord came in. Blushing and hesitating at seeing me alone, wrapped up in rich furs and crimson hood, she paused on the threshold. I rose up to meet her.

"Come in, Miss Gaylord; I am glad to welcome you."

"Where is your mother?"

"Gone to the village with Effie. Let me take off your wraps, will you?"

I drew up a chair for her and took off her outside garments. She was hardly at her ease.

"Indeed, I ought not to stay, Mr. Greene; papa was going to the Ride, and will be back at 8, and will take me home then."

"You are not afraid of me, Miss Gaylord. I am not an ogre, if I have but one hand. I think you will stay. I should have been very lonesome."

"I called to say goodby, Mr. Greene," said she in a subdued voice; "I am going away tomorrow."

"Yes; you go to Trenton, do you not?"

"For a few weeks only. We sail for Europe the first of February. Papa has business there which will detain him some years and he wishes me to go with him."

"Bon voyage. May heaven prosper you."

I gave her my one hand. She laid hers in it, cold and trembling, and our eyes met. There were tears on her cheeks. They dropped down and fell on our clasped hands. A wild, beautiful hope sprung up in my heart, and yet hardly a proper move of a revelation.

"Oh, Adele, have I found life's sweetness to lose it forever? Would to heaven I were well and strong once more!"

"And what then?" she said softly, her face hidden from my view beneath the folds of crimson worsted.

The next moment I held her in my arms.

"Adele, can it be? Shall it be? Remember, I am but the mutilated wreck of a man, but my heart is strong and true and tender."

"I remember everything," she said, "and I should be unworthy of a love like yours did I care the less for you because of this sad misfortune. For your sake, I wish it had never happened to you. For my own, I have not a single regret."

The sleigh whose bells we had heard had long ago passed by; it was not her father; and we sat down together to enjoy the most nearly perfect happiness I had ever known.

Col. Gaylord came at last, to find his daughter encircled by my arm, her blushes and my presumption making the condition of things pretty evident to a man of sense. We went up to him together. Adele spoke then softly to him:

"Papa, this is Mr. Greene, who saved me when the powder mill blew up. I love him and he loves me. Will you give us your blessing?"

"I am happy to meet you, Mr. Greene," he said, cordially. "I suppose I owe my daughter to you, but really I had no idea to give her up to you in this unceremonious fashion. However, if you love her and she loves you, and you are the honest man that people say you are, take her and may God deal with you as you deal with her."

The Guilford powder works were never rebuilt, but I purchased their site, and on their ruins I have erected a fantastic tower to mark the spot where I first met her who has made my life beautiful.—New York News.

Jewelry in History.

Jewelry is as ancient as the existence of the precious metals and the precious stones. In no age of barbarism or of puritanical simplicity has the jewel been entirely discarded. The ages of barbarism were those of unexampled splendor and decoration. Conquering hosts rifled the treasure chests of their victims and carried home in triumph their jewels and jewelry. The ancient Greeks, Persians, Egyptians and Romans were adepts in decorating their persons, and their men were no less demonstrative than their women. Masses of gold chains sparkling with jewels, earrings and finger rings adorned the person of the Roman dandy, while the warrior studded his breastplate, helmet, sword and shield with emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and diamonds.

The jewels of the crown are great show pieces in every kingdom in the world, while family diamonds or pearls, as the case may be, are just as jealously guarded and handed down from generation to generation, priceless heirlooms, sonvenirs of the past. In the jeweler's art of today two widely different nations probably excel all others in the originality of their designs—France and Russia. The former not only originates designs of her own, but calls upon her varied art imagination to adapt all the fancies and crudities of the ancients, until her jewelry sets the patterns from which all others save Russia copy.—H. P. Mawson in Harper's Weekly.

Rapid Digging.

The new Australian mole, Notoryctes, is prodigiously agile and swift, a property on which Mr. Benham, who lived for some time at Idracowra, says: "Everybody here can tell you how soon one of these animals will get away by digging in the sand. I had brought a live one to the house and we were talking of its agility in digging. Mr. Stokes desired to see it at work. After spading and turning over the ground near the house we set the animal down; I held it in my hands till it was nearly hidden, and then tried to overtake it by scratching the ground behind it, but it was quicker than I. I took a shovel and tried to find it, but without success. Another man came to my help with a second shovel, and also a native woman used to digging in the ground with her hands. But all three of us could not find it."—Popular Science Monthly.

Sensitive.

There was but one man on the car and he was seated. The aisle was crowded with women standing. The conductor rang the bell.

"Get up!" cried the driver, addressing the horses.

"I won't do it!" yelled the man. "I've paid my fare and I'm going to keep my seat."—Harper's Bazar.

MUSHROOM WEALTH.

"SANDY" BOWERS, OF NEVADA, AND HOW HE USED HIS THOUSANDS.

An Illiterate Miner Who Was Suddenly Made Enormously Wealthy by Finding That His Claim Was Included in the Great Comstock Lode.

The sudden and great accumulation of wealth during the first fifteen years after the practical inauguration of the silver mining in Nevada has no parallel in the history of modern times. The fortunes made during the flush period in California were, to use a mild term, unimportant as compared with those acquired in Nevada in a day or night, simply by the fortunate stroke of a pick.

It was not business capacity nor shrewdness in any form that brought riches to the fortunate ones during that epoch of Nevada's greatest prosperity. It was sheer luck, as in the greatest number of instances those most ignorant of all the business principles were more lavishly favored by fortune than their intellectual superiors.

The case of Lemuel L. Bowers, popularly known as "Sandy" Bowers, a superlatively illiterate but very generous man, is a fair substantiation of the above.

In 1850 he was earning a precarious livelihood by placer mining in Gold canyon (now Gold Hill), and in the latter part of that year, when the discovery of silver in the Comstock was announced, he found that ten feet of his claim covered a portion of the lode; and the former, after being systematically prospected, gave promise of great value. The ten feet adjoining his belonged to a widow—Mrs. Cowan—his social and intellectual equal. Sandy and the widow had known each other a long time, and now, as a new and prosperous era seemed to dawn for them, they concluded to pool their prospective wealth by getting married. The mining ground owned by this couple is what is known as Crown Point Ravine, Upper Gold Hill, and was called the Bowers mine.

A WEALTHY COUPLE.

About the middle of 1860, while Sandy was taking out $2,000 per day, he was offered $500,000 for his claim and refused to sell.

Neither he nor his wife had ever before been accustomed to any of the greater luxuries which are at the command of boundless wealth, and having a penchant for display of semicivilized grandeur, the reader can form an idea of the regal doings of the Bowers household. They were in imitation of the "Rasher" family, only that the Bowerses added a little more tinsel and red fire.

They believed themselves in possession of Aladdin's wonderful lamp, and regulated their expenses accordingly. Their hospitality knew no bounds and they entertained every one—but in such style as to cause considerable merriment for those who made their society debut before arriving on the Comstock.

The Bowerses were then the wealthiest couple in Virginia City, and, while innocently rendering themselves the subject of much ridicule when not present, their ready cash commanded for them much obsequiousness at other times. In 1862 Sandy conceived the idea of erecting a granite palace on a little ranch belonging to his wife in Washoe valley. This so called ranch was then a howling wilderness. Mark Twain once spoke of this, and, to convey an idea of its perfect isolation, observed that the first architect sent to the ranch to select the most eligible site for the structure was killed by the savage Indians abounding in that locality. Specifications and plans were soon drawn on the most extravagant scale, but in full keeping with Sandy's crude conception of doing the "grand thing."

The Bowers mine continued to yield an enormous revenue, a large percentage of which was devoted to the completion of the palace in the wilderness.

THE MANSION.

Bowers' mansion, as the structure was named, was indeed a beautiful place, and would even at this age of a magnificent style of architecture have been an ornament to Nob Hill. No expense was spared in its thorough equipment. Hot and cold water was conducted into the mansion from the hills in the rear of the grounds, which by that time had been cultivated in the most modern style of the landscape gardener's art.

To convey an idea to the reader of the extravagance indulged in the construction and fitting up of that establishment it is only necessary to say that every doorknob and stair rod was made of solid bullion, and all else about the premises was in strict conformity with that degree of lavishness.

The whole affair did not cost less than $250,000.

The matter of economy never entered their minds. In 1865 the revenue from the mine began diminishing from month to month, and in 1866 ceased altogether. The property soon became worthless, and the few dollars saved from the wreck soon followed the rest.

In 1867 Sandy Bowers died, having nothing to leave to his widow but the granite palace and what it contained. It can be easily imagined that Mrs. Bowers, after the extravagant career she had indulged in for six years, found it more than disagreeable to be unable to gratify every whim, as in the past, but to meet the expense of her menage she was compelled to gradually dispose of the library, pictures, work of art, costly articles of virtu and silverware, etc., until her friends scarcely recognized the interior of the mansion.

For some years subsequent the mansion and grounds were used as a picnic resort for the people of Carson, Virginia and Reno, but now the place is a habitation only for owls, bats and spooks. The widow is still a resident of Nevada, and earns a living telling fortunes by means of Scotch "peep stones."—Cor. Pittsburg Press.

Moliere was married to a wife who made him miserable, and Rousseau lived a most wretched life with his wife, who was illiterate.—Writer.

FROM SEED PATCH TO SMOKE.

Cultivating and Curing Tobacco Means a Season of Constant Work.

Few persons know the trouble in raising tobacco and that work never ceases from the time its seed is sown until the smoker or chewer disposes of the leaf. The seed is about the size of that of mustard and is raised in what is known as a plant patch. To prepare this a small piece of wet land in a piece of woods is selected and cleared up and huge piles of wood and brush are placed thereon and burned in the early spring. This is to kill the grass roots and loosen up the soil. The ground is then carefully raked and prepared for the seed, which when sowed is covered with brush to protect the loose, dry soil and light seed from blowing away and from birds, etc. A seed patch of half an acre will plant any ordinary planter's crop for the year.

The ground is next prepared in the field for transplanting the plant, and when the season arrives hills about three feet apart are made, and the planter then awaits a rain to set out his plants. As soon as he finishes the last of his field the little plant has begun to suffer from that pest of tobacco growers, the worm. Then he begins to hoe and plow and "worm" all at the same time, and as fast as he gets through his field at one end he goes back where he started and has to go row by row and turn up each leaf and pick off the worm, which will in a night's time eat the leaves sometimes of the entire plant.

Some of the old planters in Virginia used to raise large flocks of turkeys, which would be taken into the field as soon as half to two-thirds grown and driven through it to eat the worms. After a few days they would as soon as put into a field of tobacco seem to know just what was wanted, and scatter out, taking row for row, and quietly walk under a large plant, look up, and as carefully take the worms off as a trained hand could. This worm usually hangs on the under side of a leaf.

The turkeys, after eating the small worms, kill the large ones, dropping them into the rows, and will do so for an hour or so at a time, both morning and evening. They are taken out of the field when found lagging or tired and kept penned in the shade until the cool of the afternoon, when they are again allowed to walk back through a different portion of the field, thus greatly assisting in one of the most tiresome and tedious parts of raising this valuable crop.

When the tobacco plant is ripe, that fact is settled by pressing the leaves together. If they snap and the leaves split it is ready to cut. A field seldom all ripens at one time and it has to be cut in sections. As fast as a plant ripens the field has to be gone over and the ripe plants cut. From the very moment a plant becomes ripe it begins to lose its weight.

When cut it is carried to a barn and fired a couple of days to cure it. Then it has to be taken down, packed in bulk and stripped of its large stalks, then bundled and handled. The oftener handled—with a little grease used on the hands as leaves are passed through them—the better the color. From this point it is packed in hogsheads and shipped to the commission merchant, who sells to manufacturers, and sweated, handled and moistened until made into cigars, repacked into boxes and sold through retailers. Work has never ceased until the leaf is consumed by the smoker or chewer.—New York Times.

Monstrous Apples.

North Carolina sends to the southern markets, especially those of South Carolina and Georgia, a magnificent red apple almost as large as a good sized cantaloupe. This apple is so large that, it is said, the greediest of small boys could scarce eat a whole one at one meal. It is grown in the mountainous regions of the old colony, where it requires little cultivation. Asheville used to be a famous place for these apples, but the influx of summer visitors has reduced the output. Before the war the backwoods farmers would drive in their queer old canvas covered wagons all the way down to Augusta, Ga., which was then the largest market north of Charleston, with great loads of the big, juicy apples.

These should have commanded a high price, but they were so plentiful in that section that they sold for five cents a quart. Still, as a quart measure would hold only one apple, the backwoodsmen made a good profit, for the fruit had cost them nothing save the labor of picking.—New York Evening Sun.

Doctors but Not Reverend.

Dr. Samuel Eliot often appears in the newspapers with the prefix "Rev." before his other title. A recent mistake of that kind recalls a peculiar incident in which Dr. Eliot, Charles W., the president of Harvard university, was the central figure. It was at a meeting of Boston Methodist preachers, and President Eliot had finished the reading of an essay. The meeting was about to end when the chairman announced, "The exercises will close with the benediction by Dr. Eliot."

The assembled ministers arose, bowed their heads and waited, but no words of benediction were heard. Looking up they saw Dr. Eliot covered with confusion, speaking earnestly with the chairman. The cause of the delay was made clear when the presiding officer said, "Dr. Eliot informs me that he is not a clergyman and I will therefore ask Brother Trafton to pronounce the benediction."—Boston Journal.

A Powerful Sewing Machine.

A sewing machine has been invented which stitches easily and rapidly through layers of leather five-eighths of an inch in thickness, this having been accomplished on a first exhibitory trial. In a second trial stitches were made evenly and rapidly through a piece of birdseye maple three-eighths of an inch thick; and in a third test the still more remarkable feat was achieved, viz., that of sewing through a layer of brass one-eighth of an inch thick placed between two pieces of leather.—New York Sun.

How the Juggler Trains.

"One must have a natural gift for juggling to start with," remarked Kara, the juggler, in the course of an interview. "He should have a quick eye, agility and patience. Jugglery is not the work for an impatient or nervous man. It requires many years to become an expert in any very remarkable feature of our business. The more ordinary acts connected with the art of jugglery are acquired after a practice of a few months. The better jugglers can acquire them in as many weeks. I began at the age of ten years, for my own amusement. Then having become more ordinarily proficient I began a regular course of study and practiced almost constantly for five years before I considered myself proficient enough to make a public appearance, which I did at the age of sixteen.

"I can recall very readily how I commenced tossing little balls, as you have seen possibly every juggler do. Beginning with two I continued until now I can keep seven balls in the air at one time, and I assure you that I practiced hour after hour for many, many days before I attained my present proficiency.

"One must also be in the pink of physical condition. To be a very expert juggler you must feel sure when you assume a position that you are there and will remain there steadfastly until the feat you are performing shall have been accomplished. This compels the juggler to take extra good care of his body. He must follow very nearly the same regimen that is observed by trained athletes. It requires long continued practice to enable even the brightest fellow to juggle with plates, bottles, knives, rings, etc., but it is a still more difficult matter to balance different objects and juggle at the same time."—Chicago Times.

Paragons of Filial Piety.

Filial piety is the special virtue of China and Japan. From it springs loyalty to the emperor, who is regarded as "the father and mother of his people." There are no greater favorites with the Japanese than the "Four-and-twenty Paragons of Filial Piety," whose acts of virtue are the subject of Chinese legends.

One of the paragons had a cruel stepmother who was very fond of fish. Never repining at her cruel treatment of him, he lay down on the frozen surface of a lake. The warmth of his body melted a hole in the ice, at which two carp came up to breathe; these he caught and took home to his stepmother.

Another paragon, a boy with a most sensitive skin, insisted on sleeping without any covering at night, so that the mosquitoes should fasten on him, while his parents slumbered undisturbed.

Another, who was of the female sex, clung to the jaws of a tiger which was about to devour her father until the latter had escaped.

The drollest of all these stories is that of Rorashi. This paragon, though seventy years old, used to dress in baby's clothes and crawl about on the floor. His object was to delude his parents, who were really over ninety years of age, into the idea that they could not be so very old after all, as they had such an exceedingly infantile son!

The Japanese consider that one of the gravest dangers to the future welfare of their country arises from the importation of our less patriarchal western ideas.—Youth's Companion.

The Old Constitution.

The Constitution originally carried forty-four guns. A particularly interesting history is connected with this ship. During the war with the Barbary powers in 1803 she was Commodore Preble's flagship in the Mediterranean and played a conspicuous part during the whole war. Lieutenant Wadsworth, who was blown up before Tripoli in the ill fated Intrepid, was one of the officers of the Constitution. In the course of the war with England in 1812 the English papers laughed at the Constitution and spoke of her as "a bundle of pine boards sailing under a bit of striped bunting." But when under Captain Hull she captured the English frigate, the Guerriere, a vessel of nearly equal force, the people who had before ridiculed her called her "one of the stanchest vessels afloat." A few months after this victory the Constitution, then commanded by Captain Bainbridge, compelled one of the finest frigates in the British navy, the Java, to strike its colors.—Harper's Young People.

Odd Wedding Rings.

Speaking of wedding rings, we learn that these important symbols have not always been manufactured from the precious metal, gold. We are told that in lieu of a ring the church key has often been used, and Walpole tells of an instance where a curtain ring was employed. The Duke of Hamilton fell so violently in love with the younger of the celebrated Misses Gunning at a party in Lord Chesterfield's house that two days after he sent for a parson to perform the marriage ceremony; but as the duke had neither license nor ring, the clergyman refused to act.

Nothing daunted, Hamilton declared he would send for the archbishop. At last they were married with a ring of the bed curtain at 12:30 at night at Mayfair chapel. Forgetful bridegrooms have been reduced to greater straits than this even; in one instance a leather ring had on the spur of the moment to be cut out of a piece of kid from the bride's glove.—Finger Ring Lore.

To Make Life's Burden Easy.

"You don't look happy," said one woman meeting another recently.

"I'm not. Life is a burden," was the prompt reply. "I'm taking cod liver oil three times a day. Its vile taste is never absent from me, the horrors of the dose past are not forgotten before the dread of the dose future is upon me."

The unhappy condition thus ingubriously recited might have been much mitigated by taking the objectionable medicine in tomato catchup or by eating a bit of fresh orange peel before and after the dose.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

TOWERS RICHLY LINED WITH GOLD.

Wealth in the Old Chimneys Where the Bonanza Ores Were Refined.

For nearly a quarter of a century two tall towers have stood at the foot of Hyde street, near Leavenworth, almost on the edge of the beach. One rises to a height of 110 feet and the other reaches more than fifty feet in the air. They are both very broad and thick, and they have brick enough in them to construct several buildings.

They are relics of the flush old days of the Comstock mining era, when Flood, O'Brien, Fair and others banded together and erected the famous Selby Smelting and Refining works. There, from the bonanza days of 1860 to as late as 1885, the great chimneys belched forth fire and smoke. They never stopped. Wreaths of flame and volumes of soot circled in the air over the domes at night time, while hundreds of men toiled in and about the works, cutting and shoveling ore and slag, molding bars of bullion and refining it to pure silver, gold, lead and copper.

In 1885 the Selby company concluded to move its works. It was known that the old underground flue that connected the furnaces with the chimneys, as well as considerable of the ground all about, was permeated with gold and silver settings and solid metal. On the advice of a skilled European expert the company dug up the ruins as well as a large amount of soil to the depth of five or six feet and transferred it by tons to the new works at Port Costa. There the stuff was run through the works, and it is said realized not less than $500,000.

Selby & Co. did not dream that in the towers which were left standing and in the million tons of slag and mineral permeated soil much wealth remained. The ground was sold and nothing was thought about it for a long time.

Some time ago W. B. Cluff, the well known merchant and politician of this city, acquired the ground on which the old works and the present slag pile and chimneys remain. It consists of five fifty-vara lots, or 2¼ acres. Meantime he had several experts make examination of the brick towers and the surroundings. They reported that the metal and black dust of the towers was a veritable mine of wealth, and that the grimy matter that filled the interstices and in one form or another permeated the brick reeked with valuable minerals. Also that the gray slag which had been carted away from the blazing furnaces in primitive days contained large quantities of gold and silver and should be worked over. Promptly thereupon Mr. Cluff secured the silver and gold lined towers and the debris. He is said to have paid $40,000 for the chimneys alone. His object is to work them up and get the money out of them.

"I do not think I will have any trouble in getting the gold, silver and other mineral out," he said yesterday. "It was on the advice of an English expert that Selby & Co. took a lot of the debris to Port Costa, and I am informed they got over $500,000 out of that. Several skilled mining men have come to me lately and offered to buy me out or work the chimneys, slag and soil on a percentage. I have not closed with anybody and do not think I shall. There is an immense amount of slag there. In some places it is 200 feet deep. It all contains gold, silver and lead, with some copper. I have had the ground assayed around there, too, and it all shows up well. In some places it is very rich."

Mr. Cluff's intention is to tear down the great towers, which have so long been landmarks in the history of the city, and which can be seen for miles out at sea and in other directions, and wrest from them their gold and silver lining. —San Francisco Examiner.

A Judge's Jocose Retort.

"I think the late Judge Devens," said Mr. Arthur Macy to me the other day, "was the greatest after dinner speaker I ever heard. I remember a striking instance of his readiness in jocose retort. He made a five minute speech at a club dinner, and in the course of his remarks he established his claim to his place at the dinner by instancing his authorship of a large volume that was made up of tragedy and comedy and of many startling phases—some dramatic, some ludicrous, some pathetic—of human life and nature.

"The book was the 142d volume of Massachusetts laws. Immediately a member was on his feet and thanking the judge. He had been on a jury once, and the justice who was trying the case said that a verdict should be rendered unhesitatingly in accordance with a decision that was contained in that very volume of which the judge had just spoken. The verdict was rendered immediately and the juryman secured a good night's rest, for which he was thankful to Judge Devens and his book.

"Without a moment's hesitation, Judge Devens replied, 'If the gentleman will imitate the example of the justice of whom he speaks, and peruse the entire volume that I have spoken of, I assure him that he will secure many a good night's rest.'"—Boston Globe.

A Rich but Unapproachable Country.

There are said to be five counties in Missouri and eleven in Arkansas, comprising a strip of country 125 miles square, that have no railroad communication with the outside world, and are yet wonderfully rich in zinc ore. This section of the country lies south and west of the Memphis railroad, north and west of the Iron Mountain, south and east of the St. Louis and San Francisco and north of the Arkansas river. The zinc carbonates of this region yield 83 per cent. and the "jack" 60 per cent. of pure zinc ore.

A traveler, Mr. W. E. Winner, of Kansas City, says that he found in the mountain a cave even larger than the Mammoth cave. The manner of life of the people is extremely primitive. They live in log houses without windows. Bacon is their main staple of diet and tobacco their only solace. They seldom work as long as they have food and tobacco in the house. But they are virtuous, peaceable and kindly disposed to the stranger.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Superior

remedy
for all diseases
originating in
impure blood;
the

MEDICINE

which
may always
be relied upon
to give the best
satisfaction,
is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Cures others, will cure you

Wanted to Thank the Box Office Man.

I remember, as a law student, dining with Wills at the Cock in Fleet street, and inducing him to take me to a theater afterward. He was loath to go. He loved to take his ease in his inn; but his good nature was stronger than his sloth. We arrived at the theater very late. A locum tenens occupied the booking office. Wills handed his card, and asked that we might be given seats. The young man could not take upon himself to pass us. The acting manager was away. Wills gave a sigh of relief; but I was more strenuous, and insisted that the card should reach the proper official.

We were given the best seats in the house. It was not an historical play, and Wills sat it through very stolidly. As we came out and passed the booking office he paused for a moment. "I am looking for that kind hearted young man," he said, "who was for not letting us in; I would like to give him a shilling." And he meant it.—Pall Mall Mall Gazette.

The Davis brothers of Neenah, Wis., have secured control of the stock of the Neenah and Menasha Gas and Electric company and E. F. Weickert's electric plant, and thus control the lighting of both towns.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 130 W Taylor st; G E Bracken, F S; Dr G O Symon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—P T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; P M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 186 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKinley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Howson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 237 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 24th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; Michael James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 95 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3023 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Conway, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; R J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr O Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 421 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 333 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 371 E Superior st; M O Cooney, R S, 393 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Treacy, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Demlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 361 S Mayst; S A Clow, F S; T J Loe, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 260 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Semmes, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 605 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1096 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F H Meninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Amberden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 351 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 93 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Knoerr, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Ealer, R S, 200 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Symon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Fazel, C R, 888 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schmitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Boeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonah, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, [illegible] Wrahan st; 174 Lincoln ave; W Wrichell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Bittndauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor Nort and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Nelson, Treas; Dr C W Fussy, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 228 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Bequne, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fingel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Dequine, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer ave.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 2944 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 3:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 599 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Hetarichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Mereh, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 507 W Chicago av; J H Heller, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 904 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 158 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 281 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 3949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; O Miersbach, F S; Chas Trauschit, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 48, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brusciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter F Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Wineandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teety, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 256 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Keaney, R S, 2216 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2074 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Gondreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanaugh, R S, 4731 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 192 E. Washington-st., Plasterers' Hall, at 3 p. m.

County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.

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Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st. Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews, Rec. Sec.; Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. Sec. Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. J. Barret, Pres., 162 Van Buren-st.; William Sullivan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec. Sec., 2862 Deering-st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec., Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres. 267 Michigan st; James F. Lusk, V. P., James Rielly, Rec. Sec., 325 Elm st; P. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec.; Andrew G. Duggan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., 8 Chicago; Patrick Dever, V. P., James O'Kelly, Rec Sec, 8 Chicago, Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec.; P. A. Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Riggsman's Hall, South Chicago.

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Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., M. J. Duffy, 543 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec. F. J. Conroy Treas., Patrick Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts

Div. No. 18—Pres., James Thomas, 3902 Parnell av; V-P., W. J. Hogan; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 609 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell. Treas. Charles Lynch. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—W J. Doherty, Pres., 47th st and Centre av.; Patrick Broderick, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 1243 Forty-seventh st.; James Murphy, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 22—Pres. P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Hoskins, Box 380, Pullman; V P. M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos [illegible] Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each [illegible] m, in Pullman, Ill.

[illegible] Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3812 Lowe av; V.P., T. [illegible]oyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1005 [illegible] Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael [illegible] Meets first Sunday each month at [illegible]'s hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

[illegible]—Pres, M. Donohue, 5508 Jefferson [illegible]. Pierce; Rec. Sec., William McGuire, Fin. Sec., Patrick McGoldrick; Treas, P. [illegible]on.

[illegible]—Pres, John P Doheny, 6359 Honore [illegible]on Sheehy; Rec Sec, Richard Maloney, 6320 [illegible] Halsted sts; Fin Sec. M H Hoey; Treas, Denis Kelly.

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ST. STEPHENS BRANCH No. 4.—President, Robert Lynch, 215 W. Kinzie-st.; Vice-Pres., Dr. William O'Connell; Secretary, P. J. McKeague, 566 Carroll av; Treas, J. J. Clements; Marshal, Michael Muldoon. Meets the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at the corner of Sangamon and Ohio streets.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 503 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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John L. Cunningham, 2300 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.

Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N. J.

Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.

John Patten, No. 1 Freeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.

John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donahue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Horton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 3010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Dan'l Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 86 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.

Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.

P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.

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COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S W corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.

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County secretary J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.

County Fin. secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first st.

County treasurer, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres, Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reardan Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3535 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas, A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st. at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher Rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st.; fin sec, Patrick Morris, treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavell, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill. Cent. R. R., S. Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 349 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p.m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, Jean J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; Rec sec, Edw Quinn, W 21st st; Fin sec, Thos. Morem Treas. Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. F. Fitzgibbons treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec, M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourn; Meet the third Sunday each month at 66 W Twelfth st.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Archer ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney Meet first Saturday each month at Larner Hall, BBrighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Nebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. J. Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet 3rd Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May st.

Div. 33—Pres, P.H. Chambers, Hyde Park vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 108 39th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

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ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B SOCIETY Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Oak, President, 98 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., A. J. Foley; 2d V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T. O'Connor 819 Austin av.; Fin. Sec., P. Kavanagh; Asst Sec., P. J. Sheehy; Treas., Edward Hayes Marshal, E. J. Nash.

HOLY FAMILY T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Sept. 8, 1870 Meets on the first and third Sunday of each month at 2 p. m. in Sodality hall, corner May and Eleventh-sts Pres, Thomas J.

"THE CITIZEN" FOR 1892

Handsome and Valuable Premiums Offered to Organizers of Clubs and to Regular Subscribers.

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TO OUR FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS: On Saturday, Jan. 16, 1892, THE CITIZEN entered upon the eleventh year of its existence. During the ten years that have elapsed since its first number was issued, it has never wavered in loyalty to true American principles, and to the cause of Irish liberty and independence. It may truly claim that, through sunshine and storm, it has fought the good fight and kept the faith; and it purposes to continue in that path, with colors nailed to the mast. Its record, both in the American and Irish sense, speaks for itself, and it confidently asks the same liberal support from its friends which it has experienced in the past.

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1. To any gentleman, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 100 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates of $2 each, the amount to be paid into this office, with the names of members, a magnificent gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine, size 16 or 18, as may be desired, and warranted of first-class workmanship.

2. To any lady, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 50 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates, $2 each paid into this office, an exquisite gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine and warranted of first class workmanship.

3. To any gentleman who organizes a club of 25 absolutely new subscribers, at $2 each, paid into this office, a very handsome silver watch, Elgin make, size 18, and warranted first-class in every particular.

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All these offers are open from this date, Jan. 2, 1892, and advantage should be taken of them as speedily as possible.

TERMS.

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C. H. MITCHELL & E. F. RYAN, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 175 Dearborn-st., Rooms 13-14, Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 112 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 931.

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ESTATE OF JAMES KELLY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of James Kelly, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1892, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 16 1892
ROSE F. KELLY, Administratrix.
McEnerny Bros. Attorneys.

ESTATE OF MARGARET DUNNE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Dunne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1892, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 16, 1891.
JOHN J. DUNNE, Executor.
McEnerny Bros. Attorneys.

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For Sale to Subscribers and Regular Readers of "The Citizen."

For the last fifteen years competent judges have admitted that the watches made in America are far superior to those of foreign manufacture. For this reason everybody who wishes to have a watch that can be relied on has tried to purchase an American watch. Owing, however, to efforts of the "watch trust," these watches have been sold at so high a price as to place them beyond the reach of the average watch buyer. THE CITIZEN has determined to place these watches within reach of every one of its subscribers and regular readers by buying them of the factory agents and selling them at an advance which barely covers expenses. Every subscriber and regular reader may purchase any watch made in America at a price slightly in advance of that charged at the factory. Nobody else can buy at any price. Below are several watches which we consider especially desirable:

No. 1 is a genuine New York Standard watch, in a solid nickel silver case, open face. The works are jewelled, and the watch is a stem-winder and setter. We will send this watch, which is guaranteed to keep correct time, by registered mail prepaid, for only $5.50.

No. 2 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin seven jewelled watch. The works contain also the latest improvements, such as compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The case is gold filled, that is made of two plates of solid gold, between which is a plate of fine composition metal. The case is guaranteed to wear fifteen years. The price for open face is $13.25 and for hunting case $16 50 postage and registry pre-paid.

No. 3 is a solid gold watch. The works are the celebrated P. S. Bartlett full nickel Waltham, and they contain fifteen jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, patent regulator and Logan's Breguet hairspring, hardened and tempered in form, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and thoroughly adjusted at the factory. The case is the Brooklyn Granger solid gold, and the usual retail price of this watch is from $50 to $75. We send it, delivered free, for only $30.00.

No. 4 is a lady's watch, with seven jewels, compensation balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, etc. The case is gold-filled and warranted fifteen years and the works are Waltham or Elgin, as you may choose. Usual retail price from $34 to $50. We send it by registered mail for only $15.50.

No. 5 same as No. 4, but solid gold Brooklyn Granger case, by registered mail, prepaid, $20.10.

Offer No. 2,035. The celebrated "P. S. BARTLETT" Waltham full nickel; same as "Appleton, Tracy & Co., excepting special adjustment, in 50 dwt. solid 14k gold full engraved case (hunting or open face) sent to any subscriber for $50.

No. 614, exactly the same works in heavy solid coin silver, three-ounce hunting case or open face, Waltham or Elgin watch, by insured registered mail, $12.

No. 615, is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, with works like No. 611, in an open face nickle silver case. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for $5.50. Any of the above watches returnable within three days if not satisfactory.

WATCHES FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

NO. 616—"THE DIAMOND SHAMROCK."

No 616 is a jeweled Waltham or Elgin ladies' watch, stem wind and set. There are jewels in the works and jewels in the solid 14k gold hunting case. The case is engraved with a three leafed shamrock in one leaf is a genuine diamond that sparkles with the most brilliant lustre. In another a genuine ruby shines with soft color. In the third a pure blue sapphire completes the trio of precious gems. The idea is beautiful since it is a combination of the American colors and the shamrock so dear to every true Irish heart. The works are magnificently jeweled and guaranteed to keep good time. Usual retail price of this wonderful watch $75 to $125, sent to any subscriber by insured registered mail for $32.

No 617 is a solid gold hunting case watch, either Waltham or Elgin, ladies' size, with works just like those in No. 615. The case is a celebrated Brooklyn Granger. This watch is a stem winder and setter, and just as useful as No. 615, though it is somewhat plainer. Usual retail price $35 to $45. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for $18.30.

No. 618 is a 15 year gold filled Waltham or Elgin watch, ladies' size The works are jeweled and have all improvements, such as stem winding and setting apparatus, etc. Hunting case only. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $14 90.

No. 619 is a ladies' size coin silver watch. Waltham or Elgin. This is a stem winder and setter, hunting case, seven jewels and all improvements Guaranteed an accurate and satisfactory timepiece. Sent to any subscriber by insured mail for only $10.75.

WATCHES FOR SONS.

Every live American boy should have a watch, and he can buy any Waltham or Elgin in any kind of case through this paper at about half the usual prices.

No. 620 is a Waltham or Elgin boy's watch. It is just like No. 615, and is guaranteed to be an accurate and endurable timepiece. Every boy should have one, and by saving spending money for a short time he can obtain one. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for $5.50.

No. 621 is a rolled gold plated open faced Waltham or Elgin watch. The movement is jeweled and the case is durable. This is not a cheap brass watch, but has a heavy plating of solid gold. Price delivered, $9.75.

No. 623 is a solid coin silver watch for boys. It is open face or hunting case. It is just like No. 614. Price delivered, $12 00.

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ADDRESS

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PENSION CLAIMS.

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, is ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him. Owing to the passage of liberal laws by the last congress, the perfecting of pension claims has been much simplified, all soldiers, their widows or other dependents, who can prove an honest claim against the government are reasonably certain of having such claims allowed. This office, in addition to attending to regular pension claims, is also prepared to open, under the new laws, old cases rejected because of insufficient evidence, and to thoroughly sift cases of technical desertion, owing to errors in muster out, etc., by which deserving men are often deprived of their just dues

JOHN F. FINERTY, U. S. Pension and Claim Agent 69 DEARBORN-ST. CHICAGO.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK ss. Circuit Court of Cook County, of the February Term, A. D 1892. Cyrus A. Lyle vs. F. Kane. Attachment, No 10,878.

Public Notice is hereby given to the said F. Kane that a writ of attachment issued out of the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Cook County, dated the 3d day of March A. D. 1892, at the suit of the said above named plaintiff and against the lands, goods, chattels, moneys, credits and effects of the said defendant, F. Kane, for the sum of Two Thousand Seven Hundred and Seven Five Dollars and Sixty-five Cents, directed to the Sheriff of Cook County to execute

Now, therefore, unless you, the said defendant F. Kane, shall personally be and appear before the said Circuit Court of Cook County, on or before the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at the Court House, in the City of Chicago, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1892, give bail and plead to the plaintiff's action, judgment will be entered against you, and in favor of the said plaintiff, and so much of the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects attached as may be sufficient to satisfy the said judgment and costs, will be sold to satisfy the same.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

McARDLE & BOYLE, ATTORNEYS, 85 DEARBORN-ST.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM ASHWORTH, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of William Ashworth, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 4, 1892
HARRY SKEELES, Administrator of estate of said William Ashworth, deceased.

We will send you the marvelous French Preparation CALTHOS Free, and a legal guarantee that CALTHOS will Restore your Health, Strength and Vigor. Use it and pay if satisfied. Address VON MOHL CO., Sole American Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio. Please mention this paper.

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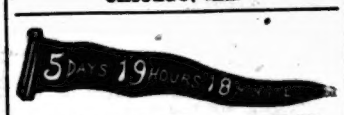

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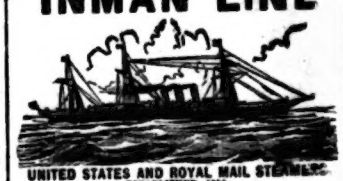

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ESTATE OF MARGARET FAGAN, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Fagan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 4. 1892
PATRICK L. McARDLE, Administrator of estate of said Margaret Fagan, deceased.